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Cathedral Sermons

CATHEDRAL SERMONS

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BY
HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

PREACHED IN THE
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

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CATHEDRAL SERMONS
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TO
THE LAYMEN'S CLUB
OF THE CATHEDRAL
THESE SERMONS
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY A FRIEND AND FELLOW WORKER

School of Theology
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Introduction

THE Choir and Crossing of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine were consecrated and opened for public worship on April 19, 1911. From that time the average weekly attendance at the services has been about three thousand, making a total of about two and one half million in the course of seventeen years. By far the majority of those who attend are strangers, coming from all parts of the country, and indeed of the world, and representing every faith in Christendom, and many who are without definite religious convictions. The proportion of young people in the congregations is extraordinary. In summer they often come in tidal waves, occupying not only the full seating capacity of the Cathedral, but the available standing room as well, and when there are special services of unusual interest, hundreds, and sometimes thousands, must be turned away for lack of room. This is one important reason for urgency in completing the building of the

Cathedral. When it is finished, there will be standing room for forty thousand persons.

The hope of Bishop Potter and the other founders that the Cathedral would be a House of Prayer for all people is being quite literally fulfilled. A Cathedral congregation is a cross section of human life. The rich and the poor meet there without distinction; strangers who come do not feel that they are trespassing; men who have not been inside a church for years and who would not enter any church other than a cathedral, sit beside habitual churchgoers and take part in the service; young people, whose beliefs are unsettled and who are for the time being more or less out of touch with organized religion, make an exception in the case of the Cathedral; its impersonality attracts them and its greatness solemnizes them (one of them said to the writer, "It almost makes one believe in God!"); working people come because the Cathedral is democratic and free; artists and musicians come, and other lovers of beauty, to join in a service in which glorious music fulfils its highest function by being transmuted into praise. On account of the separation between Church and

State, no American cathedral can be national in the sense that St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London are national; but none the less the currents of civic life flow into it to receive spiritual interpretation, and on great occasions citizens as such turn to it instinctively: it is for them the meeting place of patriotism and religion. Few months go by without presenting occasions for special services of this description. Services of thanksgiving and public rejoicing, such as followed the signing of the Armistice, and, seven years later, of the Locarno agreements; services expressing American sympathy with other nations, as with the submerged nationalities of Middle Europe in their struggle for liberation, with the Jugo-Slavs on Kossovo Day, with the injured people of Armenia in assertion of their elemental but violated rights,—such services are a distinctive and important feature in the ministry of the Cathedral. Echoes of them have reached Athens, Belgrade, and Peking as well as Geneva, London, and Paris, and carried to far corners of the world the assurance of American sympathy. No parish church, however commodious, can quite exer-

cise this ministry. Only a cathedral can so transcend denominational limitations that it affords a true centre of human unity, a place where men are willing to meet together on the basis of the things which unite them, without even a thought of the lesser things which divide.

The character of the Cathedral and its congregations has determined the character of the preaching. There is only one Name in which interests and viewpoints so multitudinous, so varied, and often so diverse, can be reconciled and unified, and that is the Name of Him in whom there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free, but in whom all are one. And that Name is the world's one hope to-day. For the world has gone down into the depths of the consciousness of moral defeat. It has seen the civilization in which it trusted reel and totter and fall to the ground under the passions unleashed by war. It has and it can have no hope of better things unless it finds and takes its hope from the everlasting pity of God in Christ. Christianity is not an exclusive, parochial, sectarian religion. It is a universal religion. It is not a

message of spiritual culture for a few morally superior individuals. It is what it was proclaimed in the beginning, a gospel, good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. It must still be so proclaimed. It must be lifted by the Christian preacher out of everything stereotyped and cautious and conventional and proclaimed to men and women in its divine fulness and authority, not watered down to a bare humanitarianism, but recognized as *Mysterium Tremendum,* a Dayspring from on high. Others are called to be sons of God, but Jesus Christ is God the Son. His saving love, his healing pity, are the creative power in human life. And the writer blesses God for the opportunity to preach a divine Saviour to the multitudes upon whom He has compassion.

My grateful thanks are due to the Right Reverend Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, for permission to include an address by him in memory of Levi Parsons Morton among the memorial addresses.

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS.

Cathedral Sermons

SERMON I

THE POWER OF THE RISEN CHRIST

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?"
ST. LUKE XXIV: 32

FAITH in the resurrection of Jesus Christ does not rest primarily upon historic evidence. Faith in the resurrection rests primarily upon personal experience. If a friend whom we believed to be in England should appear unexpectedly in our office, our first care would not be to prove the possibility of his appearance. We should not cable overseas to ascertain the vacancy of his London lodgings, his purchase of a ticket from London to Southampton, or the entry of his name upon the list of passengers. Our first care would be to welcome him, to resume easily and as of course the old and pleasant intimacy, and then to learn from his own lips the story of his coming.

It is so with the coming back to men of Jesus, who was crucified and buried. The Christian world is cognizant of his return be-

cause the Christian world has had experience of it. We believe that Jesus rose and revived and lives forever because we know the living Jesus. We know him as a divine person, capable of entering into definite, exalted, spiritual relationships with us all. History has no parallel to the story of his resurrection; but neither has history any parallel to this conviction, rooted in the experience of nineteen centuries, and shared by every generation of believers, that they enjoy a real and blessed intercourse with him who is the object of their faith. Confucius died, and left his country a surviving legislation. Socrates died, and left his disciples an inspired example of wisdom and fortitude. Mohammed died, and bequeathed to his successors a sword of conquest and a book of revelation. But Jesus died, and rose again from the dead. He is not only a gracious influence. He is not only a pathetic memory. He is not only a noble example. All these he is, but infinitely more. He is a living leader, present in and conducting the Christian enterprise. "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive forever-

more, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

This truth is illustrated by the experience of two obscure disciples to whom Jesus revealed himself on the road to the village of Emmaus. The name of one of them was Cleopas; the other is not named at all. As they went, they talked and reasoned sadly of the tragic issues of Good Friday. They had loved the martyred prophet. They had trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel. They found comfort in one another's sympathy in this hour of frustration and defeat. While they communed together and reasoned, a stranger drew near, and went with them, and took part in their conversation. Wonderfully he caught the golden thread of promise which ran through all their dark experience. Wonderfully he interpreted to them from the Scriptures the necessity for the sufferings of Christ. When they drew near the village of Emmaus, he made as though he would have gone further, but they constrained him, and he entered their house. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blest it, and brake, and gave to

them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Notice the three features of this appearance of Jesus which are of permanent import and significance: The power of the risen Christ to kindle noble enthusiasms; to interpret tragic experience; to sanctify the comradeship of Christians.

Let us notice in the first place the power of the risen Christ to kindle noble enthusiasms. "They said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" They recognized, and truly, that their exaltation of mind, their warm and burning hearts were a testimony to the validity of that which they had seen and heard, that he who had so inspired them could be none other than the risen Christ. That evidence, the evidence of kindled hearts and minds, must always remain the primary proof upon which faith in the resurrection is founded. What changed the disciples in an hour, so that they in turn were able to change the course of civilization, and to determine endlessly its des-

tinies? What took those terrified, heartbroken Galilean peasants, and sent them forth on their magnificent errand, to preach the Gospel of the risen, the ever-living Lord? Can anyone in his senses picture them as deceivers? Can anyone but a bigot account them self-deceived? Deceivers do not go, as these did, with God-ward lifted faces, to embrace a martyr's crown! Deceived men do not build, as these did, an organization which outlives every empire, which spreads to every nation, which makes for every virtue, and against which the gates of hell have not prevailed! There is only one way to account for the enthusiasm of Christ's apostles. There is only one way to account for the mental and spiritual transformations which they underwent, and which they effected in the world. It was the risen Christ who kindled them. The thing which they believed and taught concerning him was true.

This evidence of the resurrection moves with growing momentum in its progress through the Christian centuries. The power of the risen Christ is seen in the kindling of heroic enthusiasms, which blaze for us like beacons

along the track his kingdom has marked out. "If any man is in Christ, there is a new creation: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new." The men who are in Christ, the men who in some vital, personal way have experienced his power, are the heroes, the doers, the great innovators of the world. As one follows Ulfilas among the Goths, Patrick into Ireland, Columba into Scotland, Aidan into Britain, Ansgar into Scandinavia, Gallus and Columbus into Gaul, one feels as though the world were recovering its lost childhood. It is the springtide of creation, the time of blossoming art and dawning nationality. The Gothic grammar of St. Ulfilas is the fountainhead of the Germanic languages. Patrick's hymn of Christ, *The Breastplate,* is perhaps the first recorded utterance of Britain. So, too, St. Francis' canticles anticipate Dante, and Luther's hymns are phrased in newborn speech. In Christ's name and power the monks of Iona go forth upon their marvelous adventures, to find unvisited peoples and untraveled ways. Christ's influence is seen upon Alfred, legislating for England; it is seen upon Livingstone and Gordon, doing

great tasks simply, as pleasing to the Lord. The risen Christ is the inspiration of those who inspire men, and the Saviour of those who save. "On his vesture and on his thigh is a name written: King of kings, and Lord of lords."

If it is true that the risen Christ can kindle noble enthusiasms, it is evident that such enthusiasms may betoken the near presence of the risen Christ. If we could but bring ourselves to realize this, what validity, what dignity it would confer upon those moments when our hearts are kindled, and our minds illumined, and for a moment we find ourselves capable of better things than the low average of life has yet attained! We must believe in those best moments; we must believe in their reality; we must believe in their significance; we must believe that here, upon the heights, not in the fever-stricken valleys, consciousness should make its home, and life be lived. Those moments are moments of the companionship of the risen Christ. We are having converse with the Master of history, although our eyes are holden and we do not know him. We look about us for the cause of our emotion. We

attribute it to cadences of exquisite music, to moonlight lying upon peaceful waters, to the verses of a half-remembered poem. But what is there in things like these to make us long for holiness? What is there in things like these to make us ashamed of our shortcomings and resolved upon betterment? It is the risen Christ who takes them, and brings home to us their meaning. It is the risen Christ, the inspiration of all goodness, the source and explanation of all loveliness, who stands by us as we gaze or listen to the beautiful in nature or in art. He uses these to kindle in us true enthusiasms. He would have our lives as exquisite as music, as peaceful as deep waters in the moonlight, as valiant as the folk songs of a conquering race.

Let us notice in the second instance the power of the risen Christ to interpret tragic experience. The minds of the disciples were perplexed and saddened as they journeyed to Emmaus. They opened their grief to the stranger, and he interpreted to them its meaning. "Ought not Christ to have suffered?" "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures

the things concerning himself." The sacrifice of Christ, as interpreted by this divine stranger, was shown to be rooted and grounded in an immutable fact of human experience: the fact that in human affairs no great gain has ever gone unpaid for. It is well that the cross should continually remind us of this fact, for it is a fact which we too easily ignore, yet which, if it be held in remembrance, deepens and solemnizes human life. No great gain has ever gone unpaid for. Moses and all the prophets struck that solemn note; it reverberates through the history of the chosen people, through the history of civilization, through the history of mankind upon the earth. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." No living of some without the dying of others! No gain unpaid for! The pleasure-loving Greeks perceived the fact as clearly as did the deeper-hearted Hebrews. They embodied it in a tremendous legend, the story of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, and expiated his boldness in torment, chained to a lonely rock.

The cross of Christ, like the rock of Prome-

theus, is a symbol of the law of sacrifice. But the law of sacrifice itself requires interpretation. What kind of a world is it into which a child cannot be born but by a mother's agony nor a man achieve greatness without being torn by the beaks of eagles? Such questions as these have no solution; they do not receive an adequate answer, elsewhere than in the truths concerning God and man which were set forth on the road to Emmaus. Jesus approached his dark hour in the spirit of perfect sonship. It was a Father who summoned him to an experience before which flesh and spirit quailed. Flesh and spirit quailed at the impending agony, but the childlike faith, the unconquerable trust, laid hold upon the God who summoned. The sacrifice of Christ was a submission of the will. His death was a death to sin. Jesus might easily have effected his escape. He might have remained in Galilee; he might have fled to foreign territory; he might have saved himself in any of a hundred ways instead of losing himself in the one appointed way. This is what constituted the spiritual significance of Christ's passion. It was a rendering of soul and body

unto God to deal with as He would. It was a belief that with that surrendered soul and body He would effect His righteous purpose for the world. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Then freedom from pain is not the end of human existence. The kingdom of God is the end of human existence. To the sons of God and of the resurrection there is given the most blessed thing He can confer: the privilege of laboring with Him, the privilege of suffering for Him, the privilege of offering life itself for the fulfilment of His will. God takes surrendered lives and uses them. He took the surrendered life of Jesus Christ, and by it He is working out the redemption of the world.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered?" And ought we not to have his sufferings in continual remembrance? One of the most notable characteristics of the Hebrew people, one of the things which gave them a racial stability and tenacity almost without counterpart, was their remembrance of the past. The Pass-

over commemorated their national deliverance from Egypt. Centuries passed, and still they observed it: still the events of the great night of the Exodus were symbolized in their memorial feast. They ate the Passover standing, to recall that hurried and stealthy departure. They explained its significant details to their children, in order that the recollection of it might not fade. To commemorate the past, its sacrifices, its heroisms, its deliverances, is a very worthy thing to do. It is well that we should honor and remember those who have greatly benefited us, those who by their labors have wrought out our redemption. The growing laxity in modern life as regards its commemorative day, the Sabbath; its commemorative book, the Bible, and its commemorative sacrament, the Holy Communion, indicates more than an ecclesiastical defect. It indicates a widespread shallowness and vulgarity which is affecting our national life. We are nominally a Christian people. We are enjoying on every hand the gains of Christian civilization. There is not an aspect of our life, institutional, educational, social, philanthropic, which Christianity has not leavened

and ameliorated. And yet it may be written of many of us, "The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." There is a degrading lack of remembrance, a cheap and stupid immersing of life in material interests. Noble minds are deeply rooted in the past. They can never forget that every present gain has been paid for by some far-off and long-past agony. They see the world dotted with the graves of faithful men and women, who in their day were obedient to the law of sacrifice, and died that their successors might more freely and more largely live. They see in the centre of human civilization, and as the unmistakable source of it, the cross, on which hung the body of the Paschal Victim, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Men and women who are out of touch with the Church and what it signifies, who are out of touch with so much that is divine and tender and heroic in human life, keep the feast with us; let your life be touched by it to deeper issues; remember Jesus Christ!

Let us notice in the last place the power of the risen Christ to sanctify Christian companionships. "Did not *our* heart burn within

us, while he talked with us by the way?" It is significant that the appearances of the risen Saviour to individuals were brief; it was with *two* disciples that he chose to journey, and to tarry, and to let himself be known in the breaking of bread. I think that there is a lesson here which will find an echo in the memories of many. What have been our lives' most sacred moments? When have the illusions of life shown themselves most clearly as illusions, and the realities of life called upon us most grandly and imperatively? When have we felt most near to us the towering presence of the unseen goodness of the universe, embodied for humanity in its risen, regent Christ? Was it not when, as little children, we sat with our fathers and our mothers in the twilight, and heard them tell in simple fashion some brave story of human daring and devotion? In later life, was it not when, perplexed and saddened, we took counsel with a friend and talked with him, frankly and yet reverently, of the claims of Christ and his Church? These were the times, I think, when truth was clearest to us. These were the times when this strange life of ours opened out to us its great and solemn

meanings and we realized what it means in duty, in honor, in fellowship, in responsibility, in gracious privilege, to be what Jesus Christ was once and is forever—a son of God and man. . . .

All that I have been endeavoring to say of the presence of the risen Christ, of the power of it, of the comfort of it, of the grace and truth and wonder of it—all this the Holy Communion says without words. It is the sacrament of that holy Presence realized. It is fellowship, wonderful and deep beyond all telling, that man may have with God. May our eyes be opened to it this morning! May our hearts be opened to it! For we are soldiers and servants of the Cross, and Christ the captain of our salvation, who was crucified for us, is not dead. He is risen. He is with us always. He will make himself known to us in the breaking of the sacramental bread. Our heart will burn within us as he talks with us by the way.

SERMON II

THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT

"But he that had received one [talent] went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money."
ST. MATTHEW XXV: 32

THE case of the man with one talent is an illustration of the danger of losing heart, the danger of letting oneself become discouraged. That was the trouble with the man with one talent. He had let himself become discouraged. He can scarcely be said to have been unsuccessful in his efforts, because he never made any effort. It was not failure which discouraged him: it was the prospect of failure. We hear a good deal about the fear of death, but that is by no means the greatest fear which harasses men. The greatest fear is the fear of life, and of life's responsibilities.

In the case of the unprofitable servant, this fear of living, if we may call it that, can be traced to two causes. One was the meagreness of his endowment. He had only one talent. It did not seem to him to be enough to make a start with. What could he do with so inadequate an equipment? He dreaded the

market place and its rough encounters. He was afraid that he would be jostled, looked down upon, brushed aside by men better equipped than himself.

Another cause of his discouragement was a rankling feeling of injustice. He felt not only that he was meagrely endowed, but that this meagre endowment was unfair. His master had not dealt with his servants equally. To one he had given five talents, to another two, and to another one. The one-talented man felt that he had a grievance, and he nursed it. When grievances of this sort are nursed they grow until they bow down men's spirits and palsy their powers of decision and of execution.

This grievance of the man with one talent brings up in our minds an all too familiar and perplexing problem. Men are not equally endowed. They are born with certain unalienable rights, but they are certainly not born into the world with equal opportunities of leading good and useful and happy lives. One is born in a home of dignity and beauty, with all its stately traditions and associations; another is born in a crowded tene-

ment. One is reared by God-fearing parents; another has a drunkard for his father and a slattern for his mother. One enters life with a splendid inheritance of physical health and vitality; and another is an anæmic weakling. To one is given five talents, to another two, and to another one.

In the parable of the talents, this problem is further complicated by having its origin ascribed to God. It is the master who is represented as giving to one of his servants five talents, to another two, to another one. It is then, by implication, the Master and Father of mankind who, whether or not He appoints, at all events permits these distressing inequalities. The five, the two, the one—the glory, the mediocrity, the meanness of native endowment—all these differences exist by His permission. This consideration complicates our problem. Is it not strange that the Son of Man, who was so keenly sensitive to the rights of man, who was so resolute against every species of injustice, should attribute to God ways which appear unequal?

The parable itself answers the problem which it raises. Jesus teaches by it two things

that are the clues to its solution. He teaches in the first place that difference of endowment does not mean inequality of treatment. It is not in the first day's distribution: it is in the last day's reckoning and accounting, that justice finds its sphere. When the stewards appear before their master, when each servant renders exact and strict account, then for the first time appears God's sovereign justice, swift, unerring, and marvelously sure. The man whose five talents have earned another five is rewarded with a benediction: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord." But when the man whose lesser endowment has earned a smaller increment comes forward in his turn, his greeting is the same and his reward is identical. He too, faithful over a few things, is made ruler over many things; he too is invited to share the triumph of his lord. There is no discrimination here, such as men are accustomed to make, between the man of many talents and the man of few; between the man of extraordinary ability and the man of aver-

age ability. Each has done his faithful best, and the faithful best is equally rewarded. Yes, and this is the point of the parable—if the other man, the one-talented man, putting his heart into his task, had brought back his single talent with its hard-earned, tiny surplus, the same eager greeting, the same joyful and loving recognition, the same abundant reward, word for word the same, would have been his portion. Justice? God *is* justice! He does not ask ten talents of achievement from the man who began with two. He does not ask four talents of the man who began with one. He takes all things into account. He takes into account the birth, the heredity, the environment, the native endowment, the impulses toward good and the impulses toward evil which smooth or roughen the upward path of holiness. Of His Son, on whom all spiritual gifts were lavished, God asked no less a thing than the redemption of the world. Of His apostles and His prophets He has asked in every age sublime achievements; upon their willing shoulders He has laid heroic burdens, hard to bear. But He does not crush our weaker shoulders with such burdens. He does

not entrust to us ordinary people tasks beyond our strength. All that God asks us one-talented folk is fidelity: the same faithfulness to the small duty that these great, triumphant souls bestowed upon the large. All that He asks is that we labor on, not afraid of life, not yielding to discouragement, not wrapping up in a napkin or hiding in the earth the talent that was given us for his service.

But the little that He does ask, God demands; and this is the second and more searching truth that this parable of Jesus teaches. A few are given five talents, many are given two, but every man, every man and every woman on this multitudinously peopled earth, is given one. No one is exempted from some service of the highest, from some following of the best that has been revealed. And the moment we realize this, that moment we realize its correlative truth: every man has his opportunity, and the opportunity is equal. It is the opportunity to do his best. No matter what that best may be, whether it be the evangelization of a nation, or the pushing away of an untasted cup, it is of equal merit

in the sight of God. No man can plead in excuse of his unfruitfulness that there was so little opportunity, so little original endowment, so many difficulties to be overcome. These there may have been, but there was also always the one talent: the opportunity to do his best, and by doing that best to win upward into light.

The man of one talent fell through not recognizing his own importance. He did not think that his one talent would make much difference in the great ebbing and flowing of the tides of commerce. He was like the small depositor who in times of financial stress draws his money from the bank, not realizing that if a thousand other small depositors do the same, the great institution to which they have contributed their corporate strength will inevitably be shaken. The man with one talent did not think that the conduct of one so insignificant would attract his lord's notice, or bring down upon him the weight of his lord's displeasure. He was like the soldier who deserts and sets the example of desertion, little dreaming that his example will bring confusion into the counsels of generals and turn

promised victory into unlooked-for defeat. The man of one talent, in short, will not recognize his own importance.

And yet, to state a large truth broadly, the whole world realizes it now, except himself. The whole world realizes that without the backings of the small investor, financial institutions will not prosper. The whole world realizes that the morale of the common soldier is the decisive factor in reaching a military decision—that the morale of the common people is the decisive factor in determining a political decision. With the downfall of autocracy in its last strongholds, the whole world is being pledged to the adventure of democracy. Its governments are to derive their powers from the consent, and their policies from the purpose, of the common people. As water cannot rise above its source, so the nations cannot embody strength, wisdom, and integrity except as the ground swell of democracy shall lift them into sight.

And that is the lesson that we must take away from the parable of the talents: a lesson of self-confidence. We must learn to believe in the importance of our individual

exertions, and our responsibility for them. They are not great in themselves, but collectively they are great. Collectively, they prove decisive. By making them we take our part in what Browning calls the general deed of man. The general deed of man. That is not merely a poetic phrase; it is the cardinal truth of democracy, poetically expressed. And we who believe in democracy, we who as Americans stand committed to it and stake upon it our political existence—we must take to heart its responsibilities. Friendship between nations, which is to make an end of war in all the earth, how is it to be inaugurated; how is it to be kept sacred? Not by the will and wisdom of a few statesmen, overweighted with responsibility, but by the world-wide understanding of the common people, by their world-wide will to justice, by their world-wide resolution for the maintenance of peace. How is the Christian Church to throw off its lethargy, and meet in strength and devotion the demands of a new age? Not by waiting for the coming of religious geniuses to lead it, but by the stirring of the conscience of all Christian people, by the general deed of man. Neither

Church nor State requires greatness of us, but God require our best. What God loves is not success but devotion. The employment of one talent determines destiny as certainly as the employment of ten. And to those who use to the utmost in God's service the least of all His gifts, there will come at last the sublime salutation: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

SERMON III

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the post in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." ZECHARIAH XIV: 20

THIS is as picturesque and striking a description as one can find of the hallowing of common things by quickened perception, by a recognition of their place and part in God's kingdom. Bells upon the necks of horses were not sacred. There was nothing particularly religious about them. They were as common in the East as sleighbells in winter, or cowbells in summer, are in our country districts. On the other hand, the phrase HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD was a sacred phrase. It was the inscription upon the turban of the High Priest. The words were graven upon a plate of gold which was placed in the forefront of the mitre which he wore upon occasions of extraordinary solemnity. To suggest placing this sacred inscription upon the bells of the horses was in effect to ignore the distinctions which are ordinarily drawn be-

tween the sacred and the secular. Our American forefathers did much the same thing when they engraved the words "In God we Trust" upon the silver dollar.

So, too, with the other distinction. The pots to which Zechariah refers were ash pots. They were the meanest and commonest of earthen vessels used in the Temple service. They were used for the removal of ashes from the altar of burnt offering. They were as prosaic as coal scuttles, and served much the same purpose. On the other hand, the bowls before the altar were sacred. They were used in the most solemn rites of the Temple service. They received the blood of the victims slain in sacrifice. To say that a day was coming when pots in the Lord's house should be like the bowls before the altar was again to ignore distinctions which are ordinarily drawn between the sacred and the secular. And this is undoubtedly what Zechariah does in this striking prophecy, and it is just what he intends to do.

Now, there are two ways in which this distinction between sacred and secular may be

done away, and they are not merely different ways: they are ways diametrically opposed. It can be done by a leveling down or by a leveling up. It can be done by a profaning of sacred things until they become common and uninspiring, or it can be done by a reverencing and understanding of the simple, common, ordinary things of this workaday world until they become invested with profound and beautiful associations and meanings. The one process is a process of desecration, by which the sacred is leveled down to the secular. The other process is a process of consecration, by which the secular becomes sacred.

Let us think first of the leveling-down process, the process of desecration. It is only too sadly familiar. Men and women who have lost the elasticity, the spontaneity, the zest for life, the exuberant happiness of youth, well know the meaning of it. It is because they have lost something of the vision, something of the poetic insight, something of the native gift of wonder, something of the consciousness of the divine in things, which characterizes normal youth and makes it a period of enchant-

ment. The sad comment of one of our greatest poets is fulfilled in them:

> The Youth, who daily farther from the east
> Must travel, still is Nature's Priest.
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended;
> At length the Man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day.

The light of common day! If, as time goes on, one outgrows and leaves behind this feeling of wonder, this vivid apprehension of the mystery of things, if one more and more withholds reverence where reverence is due, more and more refuses recognition to the spiritual realities which lie behind things seen and of which things seen are only the shadows, then at length the very springs of reverence and of wonder are dried up, and the process of desecration is complete. There is no distinction between the sacred and the secular because by this leveling-down process all things have become common, nothing is sacred any longer. Sooner or later, neglected powers are bound to atrophy through disuse. The disused muscles become flabby. The disused

language is gradually forgotten. Darwin in his later years remarked with regret that he had lost his ear for music. But he once had an ear for music. It was neglect, exclusive preoccupation with other interests, which forfeited this natural power. So, in a more serious and important sense, with those who fail to employ their natural powers of reverence. Disuse of these powers brings about in time the atrophy of them. It is written that when Jesus went into the Temple of God he cast out all them that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." The things that desecrated the Temple at Jerusalem desecrate the human heart. Secularity desecrates it; the paramountcy of worldly interests; commerce and barter usurping the place of praise and prayer. If a man's life is completely secularized, if it has no sacred seasons and knows no holy places, if it keeps no Sabbaths and wants none, if it has no place for religious thought or practice, then the process of desecration is com-

plete. He has secularized his life. He has prostituted his powers of reverence and wonder and veneration. The Spirit dwelt within him once, and he has expelled the Spirit of God.

But then there is on the other hand another and a diametrically opposite way in which the distinction between the sacred and the secular can be effaced, and that is by the leveling-up process, the process of consecration, by the growing perception of the sacredness of common things in virtue of their spiritual associations. Surely we know the meaning of that. To a sensitive mind, the world is already eloquent with the beginnings of some such process of consecration, the hallowing of things common. We weave the thread of human history into the warp and woof of the creation, and that thread gives warmth and color and significance to all the rest. Here is a narrow mountain pass; the traveler has seen a hundred like it. He glances at it with mild interest and prepares to resume his journey. But let his Greek guide pronounce the name of the mountain pass, and in a moment his journey is stayed and his pulse is bounding.

Thermopylæ, and the vision that the word evokes: a gray morning, dim as the mists of antiquity that shroud it; Greek shields presented in a compact front; Greek spears leveled at adversaries without number; and after ten great hours of conflict not one fugitive to tell Sparta how Leonidas fell. Elsewhere the traveler comes upon a little river with nothing in its aspect to distinguish it. But if it chanced to be the Tiber, with Rome enthroned beside it, what glory might not that little river claim! And still elsewhere the traveler enters a quiet garden, and sees the moon shine softly into it, scarcely able to penetrate the dense foliage of the gnarled old olive trees. It is the Paschal moon, and the garden is Gethsemane; should we not be upon our knees? Places such as these are not mere geographical expressions. They are more than mountain tops and water courses and meadows. They are spiritual forces, living memories of love and wrath and strength and revelation. They are more substantial than the solid earth.

This is the sort of thing that was in the mind of Zechariah, this hallowing of common things by perception of spiritual associations,

this assigning to the least of things its true place, its sacred place, in the coming kingdom of God. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD: and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." He sees as a poet, and on that account sees truly, for the poets are the seers. The man who lacks poetic insight sees imperfectly. He sees a material object divested of its spiritual associations. "A primrose by the river's brim," etc. The man who has poetic insight sees the material object with its implications and in its relationships. The one man sees a stone upon the hillside, and spurns it with his foot. The other picks it up, notes its nature and formation, and finds himself in the track of a prehistoric glacier that once glided down from regions of perennial frost and left this silent token of its passing. The one man sees the blue spark flash from the positive to the negative pole of an electric battery. The other man sees its far-reaching implications: he sees it flashing forth the signals of distress at sea; he sees it girdling the globe with messages to men. We are all poets, to a greater or less

extent, at one time or another. If we were never poets, if we were incapable of seeing something beyond itself in the material object upon which our eyes rest, nature would have no charm for us, history no significance, and art no inspiration. It is poetic insight, the power of spiritual apprehension, the ability to receive material objects as symbols and as sacraments which give our lives their dignity and joy. The leveling-up process is the process of deepening and quickening this God-given power of insight, until common things become uncommon; until we perceive the essential sacredness of all that God has wrought in nature and of all that true men, working under the hand of God and in His inspiration, have wrought in art and in other honest work; until, in the magnificent phrase of St. Augustine, the whole world is perceived as a sacrament of the eternal life of God.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD." Naturally, Zechariah means something more than using the sacred inscription as mere decoration and embellishment. What he means, perhaps, is the bringing of all artis-

tic endeavor into the pale of God's kingdom and hallowing it there. This, if so, is the more noteworthy because in the case of the Hebrews the impulse toward creative art was set about and hindered by religious scruples. In their reaction from idolatry they were carried to a curious extreme, and having been forbidden, for conscience' sake, to make a graven or a molten image, they took a long step further and laid the arts of painting and sculpture under a rigorous taboo. Perhaps Zechariah means here to make amends to the artist. Perhaps he means to indicate that every effort of art, every self-expression in art, even down to the most ordinary decoration and embellishment, is one day to be hallowed by being brought within the range of God's kingdom and there assigned its proper task. "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

Whether or not Zechariah had any such application in mind, the application is justified. The process of consecration which he has in mind calls for the consecration of art to God's service. The artist, the artificer, will never

do his best work, never do his gloriously spontaneous and original work, until he is inspired by the knowledge that his work has such a place awaiting it, that he is called to an exalted mission, that he is inspired by a divine vocation, that upon his labors there rests the blessing and approval of Almighty God. So only can art be emancipated from the conventionality, the paleness, the unreality, often the sterility which is characteristic of art when the consciousness of God is defective or entirely lacking. Schiller said once with splendid exaggeration that until man becomes an artist he is not free, he is not fully man. The exaggeration is not as great as it appears to be. Using art in its widest sense of making, producing, adapting, building, it is literally true that in the birth of art, in the awakening of the creative instinct, man becomes man. It is this that most clearly distinguishes him from the lower orders of creation. As we think of the prehistoric artists, ancestors of ours in the indefinitely remote past, who contrived rude music, or laboriously inscribed on the walls of their caves the story of the chase —as we recognize the motive that impelled

their crude endeavor, our thoughts leap forth to meet it in a gust of interest and of sympathy. The hand of an unseen power was heavy upon them, bidding them create as they were able. He put music into their hearts and they expressed it as they were able in rude instruments of music. He put visions into their minds, and they sought to give them substance. He showed them the glory and wonder and order of the world, and they tried to think his thoughts after him, and reproduce his works in rude, primitive, but most real, sincere form and line. What they did, they did as of his spirit. And the day is coming when artists, wonderfully perfected in powers of technique, will return with the old wonder, with the old reverence, to the true and only source of inspiration. The day is coming when they shall find freedom, power, reality, beauty, in an absorbed, engrossing consciousness of God. In that day we shall have an end of the morbid, the decadent, the erotic, the misbegotten output of diseased imagination. In that day we shall see upon every artist's palette, upon every sculptor's chisel, upon every musician's score, upon the trowel

of every master builder, the inscription engraved on the mitre of Aaron—HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

And then, finally, the obliteration of another distinction. "In that day," says Zechariah in his quaint phrase, "the pots of the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." If we take the first metaphor, that of holiness inscribed upon the bells of the horses, as representing the consecration of art, we may take this second metaphor, the metaphor of the sanctity of the ash pot, or, as we should say, of the coal scuttle, as a metaphor of the consecration of all honest toil, of even the humblest, the so-called menial toil. It is no new thought, but it is a very comfortable thought for those whose work is hard and unromantic; who have simple, ordinary, prosaic things to do from day to day, and do not find any very great inspiration in the doing of them. Yet inspiration can be found even there. "Who sweeps a room as in God's sight" —the consecration of life can lift up even toil of this character and invest it with dignity and serious meaning. Brother Lawrence found the way to make his noisy kitchen a sacred

place, in which the presence of God was realized. Men sought him in that place, and took from him consolations that the abbot of the monastery could not give them. The pots and pans of that monastery were like the bowls before the altar.

No, there is no shame in seeing God's will and purpose in the simplest things. This is not triviality; it is true insight. In him we live and move and have our being. His is the august world of nature, the entrancing worlds of inspired and creative art, and the dear, familiar sanctities of common things.

SERMON IV

IN ADAM AND IN CHRIST

"Christ is risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death: by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die: even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—"

I COR. XV: 20

In St. Paul's writing, Adam is not so much a person as a doctrine, the doctrine of the unity of the human race. We, too, can take the word in a symbolic way. We can think of Adam as prehistoric man. We can be as modern as we like. We can picture him as standing at the critical point where human life emerges from merely animal existence. There was a beginning made of the human race upon this planet, even though it did not begin in the year 4004 B.C. in the traditional garden of Eden. It began sometime and somewhere. And when and wherever it began, there stands Adam, who carried in his loins the human race.

Broadly speaking, the unity of the human race in Adam is to-day as much a doctrine of science, as yesterday it was a doctrine of the-

ology. The biologist speaks of the human family. But family is a unitary term. He gathers up an armful of neolithic bones and reconstructs a skeleton, and points out that the skeleton of that long-lost brother is identical in every respect with one of to-day. The biologist has all sorts of evidence in support of his doctrine. Take, as a peculiarly modern instance, the classification of finger prints. No two are identical, yet all can be exactly classified. And the classes into which they fall have nothing to do with race or color or any other recognized physical distinction. They put to confusion those who seek a separate origin for the black man or the white. Then we go on from the biologist to the ethnologist, or the psychologist, and they give us the same answer, the answer of unity. Explorers from Yucatan bring back photographs of ancient structures which bear an unmistakable likeness to Egyptian architecture. There are Sanscrit parallels to the story of Red Riding Hood. Ancient Chinese odes are strikingly like modern love songs. The Chinese lover invokes the same nightingale, the same rose, and the same moon that will be invoked to-

night by young lovers in Yonkers or the Bronx. Such evidence as this is a spur to the imagination. It supports St. Paul's contention that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth."

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." A new beginning. A new creation. The appearance of a new and higher type of life, just as distinct, just as startling, just as revolutionary in its consequences, as when prehistoric man stood forth from the beasts and began man's career on the planet. One of the things we ought to be thinking about during Eastertide is the audacity of the claims of the Christian religion. The tendency of the mind is to sheer away from tremendous assertions, to tone them down, to reduce them. Ask nine out of ten Christians what Christianity means to them, and the answer will not be startling. The answer will be, It means being kind, moral, generous; keeping Sunday; reading the Bible; saying one's prayers. Of course it means all that, and all that is good. If Christianity meant only that, the world would still

be infinitely the better for it. If people were really kind and moral and generous, quite generally so, society would be transformed into a more beautiful and gracious thing than it has ever been yet. But ask the tenth Christian, and he will give you a bolder answer. Then ask the hundredth Christian. Ask a man like St. Paul, a man to whom Christianity is all-in-all, the only thing in time or in eternity that matters, and he will give you a heroic answer. He will tell you that Christianity is a new and different and higher kind of life, different from anything else in the world; as different, for instance, as plant life is different from mineral existence, or as animal life is different from vegetable life.

Now that answer is precisely the New Testament answer to the question. Listen to Jesus on the subject: "Except a man be born again, born from above, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Listen to St. Paul: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Listen to St. John: "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." There you have the assertion in its tremendous, naked, saving

simplicity. Most so-called Christian thinking and most so-called Christian preaching fails even to take the measure of it! Most preaching is simply ethical: "Be good, and you will be happy." But that is not the New Testament antithesis. The New Testament antithesis is, "Be in Christ, or be without the breath of spiritual life. Be alive, or you will be dead."

There you have the most tremendous assertion that has ever been put forward on behalf of any religion. Think what it involves! Nineteen hundred years ago, a Galilean carpenter laid down the tools of his craft upon the carpenter's bench, swept the shavings into a corner, closed the door of his shop behind him, and went forth to his baptism, his temptation, and his mission. He influenced no influential persons while he lived. He wrote no books. He allied himself with no great institution. He merely went about the country preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and doing good. His public ministry was short, three years at most. It was confined to one small section of the world-embracing Roman Empire. He never passed beyond the bound-

aries of Palestine. In the vast empire his life and death were scarcely a discernible ripple: two half-contemptuous references to it are all that we can find in contemporary literature. This is the life that St. Paul compares to that of Adam, as being a new beginning.

Three hundred years pass by, and Rome, which crucified him, is placing his cross above its conquering eagles. Twelve hundred years more, and it is being planted by discoverers on shores unknown before to history; and men are dating the progress of eventful years from the silent night of his nativity.

Easter after Easter comes and goes, and men still bring their quickly fading flowers and lay them on his altar, beautiful and pathetic emblems of the transiency of their lives, of the permanence of his. Yet that is not the true significance of Easter. He is not only the Ever-living; he is the Life-giver. His life gives to our lives whatever of lasting worth they may possess. His coming to us is the beginning of something absolutely new in human experience, something which those who have not laid hold upon it, and been lifted into new perceptions and intuitions and re-

lationships by it do not and cannot understand. Could a mineral understand what life is, until the plant has driven its roots down from another and higher kingdom, and incorporated that dead substance into itself? The gulf between the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace and life in Jesus Christ is no less absolute. The man who is in Christ differs from what St. Paul calls the natural man not in degree but in kind. He belongs to a different kingdom. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"In Adam all die;" that is the doom of the natural man. It is the inheritance of mortality, and this mortality is connected with the fact of sin. It does not matter how much we modernize the old conception; the more we modernize it, the better. It does not matter how much we change the ancient terminology, how readily we speak of atavism, of animal inheritance, of survivals of brute instincts, the *fact* remains that was expressed by our fathers in the doctrine of original sin. There is a disposition in us which makes yielding to temptation easy, and resistance effort-

ful and hard. The inheritance from Adam is an inherited propensity to evil, an inherited aptitude to do wrong. Tennyson speaks of the ape and tiger in human nature. There is an animal in us which we have learned to muzzle, but if we did not muzzle it, it would gorge itself in gluttony; it would bask in sloth and indolence; it would turn upon our neighbor and rend him in its hate. Man has a two-fold nature. He is related to the beasts more closely than he cares to realize; he is also related more nearly than he knows to gracious spirits and to God. It is this division in his nature, this inward contention, this age-long warfare between flesh and spirit, which makes human life tormenting, a cry for help, a confession of need. The torment is that of a divided consciousness, a nature arrayed against itself.

"But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." When St. Paul tells us that his life has been caught up in some mysterious way into union with that divine life of which we have been speaking; that he has shared the death, the burial, the resurrection of the Lord Jesus

Christ—he is voicing the central truth of Christian experience, the tremendous thing in it, which makes it different in kind from all other experiences that the hearts and minds and lives of men may know. He describes the experience in mystical terms because without them it is indescribable. Life is always indescribable: the lower types of life no less so than the higher, and except by hint and analogy and suggestion the higher life cannot be made known. For those who, like St. Paul, have already experienced it, it does not need to be made known. It is the most certain, the most convincing thing within the range of their experience. For those who have no comprehension of its meaning, those who are still contented with the type of existence that they share with animals, for them again it need not be made known. They are not ready for it. Their spirits are still undeveloped. They have not the maturity, the spiritual precipitation out of which is born desire for the new life. But there is a third class, men and women who are neither wholly averse nor wholly persuaded, men and women in whose souls there is disquietude, and uncertainty, and a certain

wistful aspiration which brings them to the Church of God at Eastertide, eager to ascertain the meaning of experiences which they do not yet possess, yet of which they have some dim and groping comprehension. To these, and they are many, the words of St. Paul are full of enlightenment and promise. He interprets for them the risen life of Christians in terms of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ.

The risen life of Christians is like Christ's in its inception. It is preceded, as his was, by a violent death of the old. "Baptism," says the Prayer Book, "doth represent unto us our profession; which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto him, that as he died, and rose again unto us, so should we, who are baptized, die unto sin." "The moment the new life has begun," says Henry Drummond, "there comes a genuine anxiety to break with the old." "If the Christian is to 'live unto God,' he must 'die unto sin.' If he does not kill sin, sin will inevitably kill him." "Those who have stood by another's side at the solemn hour of this dread possession have been conscious sometimes of

an experience which words are not allowed to utter—a something like the sudden snapping of a chain, the waking from a dream."

Christianity is not alone in this. No religion is worthy of the name which does not summon its followers to self-denial. In Christianity the demand is absolute and peremptory. Self must be crucified; the whole body of sin utterly abolished, that the new man may be raised up. But, my friends, would we have Christianity less absolute, less peremptory? What self is it that we are called upon to slay? The self that is the cause of all our misery. The selfishness that stands between us and our friends, and limits our capacity to serve them and to love them. The self that stands between us and our God, and limits our ability to pray. The self that is forever nullifying its own purpose; for its purpose is to make the most of life, and only the unselfish, only the loyal, only the true-hearted has ever yet done that. It is the self of selfishness which we must do to death in will and in intention, in order that a holier and truer self may live.

Then, too, the risen life of Christians is

like that of Jesus in its secrecy. There was something reserved and reticent and exquisite in the apparitions of the risen Saviour, and there is a profound analogy in the experience of Christians. Our Lord would not let himself be touched by Mary Magdalene. He would not let himself be seen by those who did not love him. He did not tarry overlong with his disciples at Emmaus. Even from them, who welcomed him so eagerly, he vanished after the breaking of bread. So it is with Christians. There is something shy and exquisite in the strangeness of their new experience. They do not talk about it overmuch. They do not know it constantly at first, but only by moments and flashes, and intuitions, brief, yet utterly convincing. The world about them is much as it has always been, yet with sudden, sweet, illuminating manifestations of the resurrection life.

The new life is secret, sacred, hidden, but the fruits of it are not hidden. It is the greatest fact in human experience. It is the most real thing in the world.

SERMON V

AN ORDINATION SERMON

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

I PETER IV: 10

THE gift of which St. Peter writes is the gift of the Holy Spirit. He indicates the nature of it plainly, but he does not attempt to define it. "If thou knewest the gift of God," said Jesus to the woman of Samaria, but what that gift might be he did not say. He spoke of it as satisfying the thirst of human life. He spoke of it as doing for men and women what mere creature comforts, mere physical refreshments and satisfactions and recreations can never do and were never meant to do. The Saviour loved to speak in an allusive, a symbolical way of God's kingdom, of God's Holy Spirit, of all God's manifold and gracious life, of the Comforter whom the world seeth not, nor knoweth. There was a mystery, a grace ineffable given with his gospel. There were things in the experience of

Christians so secret and so sacred that they might not be disclosed in open speech.

"If thou knewest," said Jesus to the woman —"if thou knewest the gift of God." But, my friends, we do know! We know that there is a gift more to be desired than any other, an anointing from on high of which our earthly ordinations are but the type and shadow, an inward inspiration which can be the light and vigor of our days. This gift is of the very essence of Christianity. Without it there can be no ministry of Christian service deserving of the name. For there is a difference between morality and inspiration. There is a difference between a Socrates, a Seneca, a Marcus Aurelius on the one hand, and on the other a Simon Peter, a St. John. To those who do not perceive the difference, who think that merely to live an upright, honorable life is to be holy, nothing more can be said. They are like the rabbi Nicodemus, masters in Israel, and yet ignorant of Israel's tremendous covenant truth, that morality alone will not suffice, that a divine thing must be added, that men must be born again. We want for ourselves, we invoke for those who are dear to us,

many things that do not satisfy. Would that we might forever want but one thing; that we might covet it with deep, unwearying sincerity! But one thing is needful, and that is inspiration, the life of God within the Christian soul.

The gift of the Spirit imparts to every life different and characteristic abilities, making each life distinctive and enabling each to minister to all. One life, one spirit, expressed in infinite and beautiful diversity, that is the conception embodied in the text. Musicians tell us that every substance in the world has a characteristic tone. One distinguishes them in the forest as the wind moves among the fir trees and brings forth music from their branches, as the rain in measured intervals drips from them to the ground, and far away, and indescribably pure, one hears the twilight note of the hermit thrush. Can not one also distinguish them in the forest of human life? The fundamental thing about us all is difference. Fir trees have their song to sing as well as hermit thrushes. Each one of us has something distinctive to contribute, something characteristic and personal to give, some note to strike in the great symphony of human

experience, wanting which there will be in its production a silent note. Many men and women are kept from openly embracing religion, and making common cause with fellow believers, simply because they do not realize this truth. Failing to discover within themselves that particular type of experience which is commonly seen about them, they imagine that they have no capacity for religion, when the truth of the matter is that they are not irreligious, but only and invaluably different. As sound lies hidden in every substance in the universe, so in every human heart is latent the knowledge and the love of God. Let it find expression! No matter how much it differs from that of others, let it be sought out and emphasized. Thomas the doubter was of the number of the twelve Apostles, and in his honest doubt was struck a note which enriched the witness to the resurrection of the Lord.

Realization of the diversity of spiritual gifts is especially needful for men who are just entering the ministry. It will tend to make them from the outset tolerant of thought and practice which differ from their own. It will save them, and let me add that it will save their

parishes, from the discord which is certain to arise when overemphasis is laid on nonessentials, and the attempt is made to secure a uniformity which is not convenient nor desirable. "Ephraim is a cake not turned," said the Old Testament prophet in a homely but expressive metaphor; and zeal without tolerance, conviction without charity, personal opinions exalted into principles and then forced on others, have been the undoing of many an otherwise promising ministry. The very dignity of religious life lies in the diversity of its expression. The very joy of ministerial service is that it is a shared ministry, a reciprocal service. Where it takes the form of autocracy, and seeks to exercise lordship over God's heritage, the joy of it ebbs out and the beauty of it is dimmed. Where it takes the form of quiet leadership and Christian fellowship, it is crowned with honor and with strength. "Be not ye called Rabbi," said Jesus, "for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The Christian ministry is a reciprocal ministry. It is, in the words of the text, a ministry to one another. Its responsibilities, its duties, its beautiful

fruitions, all are divided, all belong not to one only but to all.

It is the realization of the diversity of spiritual gifts, of this sanctity of human difference, which, for those of us who have been longer in the ministry, saves the routine work of it from degenerating into dulness, and keeps it ever significant, ever spontaneous, and ever new. So many meetings for public worship, yet each has a distinctive character. So many celebrations of the Holy Communion: "Do this," said Jesus, and through immemorial years we do it, but to the one unchanging service each brings his own confessions, prayers, thanksgivings, aspirations, and the service is never twice the same. So many lives dedicated to God in baptism, but each one separate forever, solemn in the possibilities of good and evil which the baby fingers will some day grow large enough to seize. So many who have ratified and confirmed their baptismal vows and received the blessing of the bishop, but an individual blessing upon each. There is not one of us who is not in some way connected with these serious and sweet events, whether as parent, sponsor, teacher, or friend. All the hopes

and fears, the sorrows and the joys of human life find their spiritual focus in the Church and its services: all come here, or are led here, to receive the interpretation of their lives. Homer's catalogue of ships, Walt Whitman's of the streets and bridges of Manhattan, weary those who do not share their point of view. They did not weary the Greek auditors to whom each ship was manned by remembered heroes. They do not weary the New Yorker upon whom the spell of the second of earth's cities rests, with its exhilaration and its pathos, its voice as of many waters lifted in multitudinous appeal. There is an exquisite verse in one of the ordination services which describes the feeling aroused in the heart of the Redeemer by the mere sight of throngs of human beings. "When Jesus saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they . . . were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Is not this in the last analysis the one abiding call to the Christian ministry? He is called who, wherever human beings are congregated, sees with the Master

the vision of multitude, and discipleship, and harvest. He is called whose conscience vibrates to the clear summons of the Saviour, and feels with him solicitude for souls.

But beyond this individual, pastoral care, this cure of souls which is the essence of the Christian ministry, those who are called to it to-day are also called to a more public service; they are called to the task of exerting formative influence upon society at large. The task which lies before the Church of Christ today, its unparalleled responsibility and opportunity, is to furnish leadership, incentive, inspiration, for those who are determined to break forever with a bloodstained past, and to provide, as far as lies within their efforts, for the abolishment of war. Not again for generations will such an opportunity confront the Church, such scope for statesmanship, for far-sighted, forward-looking leadership. The challenge of the time is the challenge of trumpets! Over the shards and fragments of our broken world, of our shattered civilization, peals the magnificent promise of Christianity, "Behold, I make all things new." It is our part to hear, to interpret, that prophecy of

our Divine Redeemer. It is for Christians everywhere to bring the spirit and the methods of Jesus Christ to the making of the New World which must be built upon the fragments of the Old. First of all his spirit is one of invincible determination. God forgive the Church for having lost it! God forgive us if we have stood weakly by, consenting to the martyrdom of humanity, joining in that feeble plaint of the pessimist, "War has always existed among men, and so war always will." Such dimness of vision, such futility of thought and bankruptcy of counsel, is blind to history as well as hope. Cannibalism was prevalent while men were savages, and is common still in many of the lower orders of animals, but men no longer feed upon each other. Slavery existed through unnumbered generations, but within the memory of many in this congregation slavery was wiped from the face of the civilized earth: on this memorial Sunday we well remember how. To-day we covet a new glory for our country. As she has been, and pray God will ever be, mighty for the things of freedom, so now we covet for her leadership among the nations in the things

that make for peace. "Where there is no vision, the people perish." It is a sin against the Holy Ghost to despair of human progress, to shut the door of exalted hope upon mankind in its extremity. We must find in Christ the heroism for a new departure; we must have ears for that redeeming and triumphant voice, "Behold, I make all things new."

And to the spirit must be added the methods, the sane, constructive statesmanship of Jesus. If the Church contents itself with proclaiming its ideals, but has not wisdom and energy to contribute toward the realization of them, then so far as the Church is concerned, they will remain mere visionary sentiments, devoid of appreciable consequence. Practical questions, of the most various and urgent kinds, must be answered by those who look forward to the end of war, and the substitution of arbitration. Not alone in the creation of public sentiment to inaugurate it, but also in the working out of practical details it will tax to the utmost the intellectual as well as spiritual resources of mankind. Earnest men in every land are already wrestling with these problems. Christian thought should fully aid

them. Christian inspiration must bring to bear the principles of the New Testament in a way which shall be adequate to new emergencies. Here if anywhere, and now if ever, men need the gifts of the Holy Ghost: "the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and the spirit of holy fear."

SERMON VI

THE STONE SHALL CRY OUT OF THE WALL

"For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."
HABAKKUK II: 11

IN THEIR original setting, the words form part of a very dreadful malediction. Habakkuk has constituted himself the spokesman for the oppressed. He lifts up his voice on behalf of those who are too feeble or too patient or too sorely wounded to maintain their own cause. Those whom he assails are their oppressors. They are the men who by fraud or violence have built great houses and perched them upon inaccessible hilltops and imagined themselves beyond the reach of human retribution. There is one vengeance with which they have not reckoned. Habukkuk scourges them with it in the series of taunt songs which constitute the second chapter of his prophecy. They cannot escape recollection. They cannot avoid nature's inanimate witness to the tale of their misdeeds.

A house, then, is more than a material fabric. A house is an embodied history, and like every other body it expresses the spirit which informs it. The house of an evildoer is haunted by evil recollections. It has sealed chambers of memory, and sudden trapdoors of associations, and spectral visitations that disturb the owner's sleep. Macbeth sees Banquo's ghost among the diners. Richard III has visions of smothered children as he lies in bed. Shakespeare developed the thought with extraordinary power, but Habakkuk anticipated him in these ancient and scarcely remembered taunt songs. "Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay. Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee, and awake that shall vex thee, and thou shalt be for booties unto them?" "Woe to him that gaineth an evil gain to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil!" "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall witness against it." According to Habakkuk, a building becomes in time a whispering gallery for all the things which it

has witnessed, all the memories, relationships and associations that have been built within its walls.

The thought of the prophet, profoundly prophetic, is no less profoundly true. The stone does cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber makes answer to it. Our power over nature is twofold. We can alter the aspect of nature physically, by moving material objects from one connection to another. We can also alter the aspect of nature spiritually, by investing these material objects with associations which shall clothe them.

Our power over the outward aspect of nature is a very wonderful thing. We take rough stones from the hillside, and shape and polish them, and haul them to their destined place, and erect our palaces and our cathedrals. We build dams, and coop up the waters of a river, and convey them by aqueducts to some distant desert, and make that desert blossom like a garden. We mine iron, and fashion it into steel, and build the ships that make light of the burden of 40,000 tons. We tunnel mountains and bridge rivers; we drain the swamp and irrigate the plain. Wherever

man goes, he goes as one having authority, as one having a divine commission to utilize nature, to domesticate nature, to express through the transportation of material things his vision and his will.

But however notable this power over the outward aspect of nature may be, there is a power entrusted to our use that is far greater. That is the power of association. We often wonder at the power of man to change the outward aspect of the earth. It is indeed wonderful that we can quarry stones from the hillside and erect our palaces and our cathedrals; that we can tunnel mountains and bridge rivers; that we can bring together neighboring oceans, or thrust the sea back with our dykes. But great as is this power, ours is a power also which is inestimably greater, and that is the power to spiritualize the earth. It is within the power of men and women so to associate themselves with outward things, so to link their stories with the houses which shelter them, and the cities where they have their habitation that the past shall survive, and the story, after slumbering for

ages, shall blaze again for some remote descendant.

We find here the difference between the charm of the Old World and the charm of the New. The charm of the Old World lies in its suggestiveness. The Rhine would not bear comparison with our Hudson if it were not for its castles. The meadows of Kent and Surrey do not yield the crops of Kansas and Nebraska, but they are sprinkled with villages which have been the scenes of historic encounters and the birthplaces of poets and of kings. The Jungfrau and the Matterhorn are overtopped by the peaks of our Rocky Mountains, but the Alps are written down in Cæsar's diary; their passes have witnessed the crossing of Hannibal's army; Andreas Hofer went thence to his death. On the other hand, the charm of the New World lies in its opportunities. Its associations are still in the making. If it has fewer memories, it has also fewer regrets. There are in the records of all ancient peoples tales of misery and dark corruption, of causeless wars, of vast oppressions of the weak and poor, and men have sometimes turned their faces to the west as though

only there could they find room to breathe, as though life could win for itself redemption and freedom only in the trackless wastes of a new hemisphere, in lands not of history but of hope. Our freedom-loving ancestors came to this land in hope. They lit for us, at Jamestown and at Plymouth and at New Amsterdam, beacons of expectation, and the beacons are burning still.

If the Old World has over our own the advantage of longer culture and traditions, the New World has, on the other hand, a corresponding advantage in the superiority of opportunity. St. Paul declared that he did not care to build upon other men's foundations and his undaunted spirit is shared by all true pioneers. Columbus, Magellan, the Cabots, father and son, and at a later day Hendrik Hudson, gave to Christendom the chance to make a fresh beginning, the chance to write again, and write a different story, upon a fair and unmarred sheet in the long scroll of time. There is not an ancient land to which Habakkuk's taunt songs do not apply as truly as to ancient Israel. History cannot obliterate the evil and preserve the good. His-

tory interweaves them both in one impartial record, and there are in the record tales that have left scars upon the face of nature; the stones cry out their shame from the walls, and the beams out of the timber witness against them. Lady Macbeth could not cleanse her imagination from the sight of her victim's blood, and Paris has not forgotten the blood that cried to heaven on St. Bartholomew's Eve.

We see then for what, under the providence of God, we are indebted to the Pilgrim and Puritan settlers of New England and of Virginia, to the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, to the Huguenot Walloons, and to all the other brave and adventurous spirits who opened to the world this new land. We are indebted to them for that all but impossible thing, the chance of a new beginning. We are indebted to them for a clean page on which to write history with hands sobered and recollections chastened by the past. The land that they discovered was not unpeopled, but it was peopled by savages who had no written records, and who left to the woods and streams through which they fished and hunted only a

few poetic names. Niagara, Allegheny, Mississippi, are not names preoccupied by recollections. They are bequeathed to us by wild and primitive races who, whatever shame they wrought, wrought no shame into the impassive face of nature. They have left it to us to write in America a story of human aspiration and achievement which will be read in times more remote than Egypt's pyramids, and which will shame or fortify the coming generations of mankind.

But we must not hastily conclude that all the writing is still to be done, and that in this new land we have as yet no wealth of recollections to build up in us the love of country and to make our association with it a profound and venerable thing. Our Hudson has no castles; it is less known to history than the Rhine, but it has romance for those who know its history. Along it sailed the great explorer, Hendrik Hudson, searching for the northwest passage, the indomitable captain of a sullen and mutinous crew. About it were fought the critical battles of the war which secured our national independence. Up it steamed the Clermont a century ago, the supreme triumph of human

invention, so far as transportation is concerned. Our meadows have not two millenniums of history, like those of Kent and Surrey, and yet they are not voiceless. There is not a district even in France more dotted with memorable battlefields than our own Virginia. It is not by disparagement of its own habitat that any nation has grown wise or great. It is rather by domesticity, by knowledge of its surroundings, by abiding interest in and acquaintance with its past, that the finer and subtler features of civilization are developed, for culture, like charity, begins at home.

"The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." The text, which applies in a broad and general way to the entire relationship of man and nature, applies more intimately to the individual homestead. Our homes are day by day taking the color and impact of our personality. Day by day they are becoming richer in memories and associations, more eloquent of the spiritual forces which have gone into their making. Room after room gains voice, as time goes by. It tells the story of work and play, of health and illness, of riches and poverty, of friend-

ship and enmity, of temptations yielded to or conquered, of prayer strengthening the soul or vice corrupting it, of birth, of marriage, and of death. Greatness of character must make the dignity of our homes. There is no dignity comparable to that which invests a home wherein great plans have been matured, great words been spoken, high-minded sons and daughters reared and sent forth into the world. Not in wealth, not in softness, not in luxury, but in depth of life, in nobility of purpose, in steadfastness of affection lies the greatness of a home. And it is a help toward good and worthy living to know that nature is its mute but remembering witness, and that the world is better for a noble home, and civilization richer by it, and that the land to which it owes allegiance is made more sacred by it, and that of many mansions such as these is built the Father's house.

SERMON VII

HOPE AS AN ANCHOR

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

HEBREWS VI: 19

THE poets have accustomed us to think of hope under lively and suggestive images. Hope is a trembling harebell to Christina Rossetti's delicate fancy, but most of them prefer some more robust and decided simile. To many it suggests a fountain, which sends forth sweet waters and replenishes the life of men with gladness and with vigor. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and in the familiar, often-quoted line of Alexander Pope. Hope is a gleaming taper according to Goldsmith, a beacon according to Matthew Arnold, a lighthouse according to Paul Moon James. Over and over again hope figures in the writings of the poets as a star. In the Bible, hope is represented as a door in one of the very great prophecies of Hosea; as a helmet in the first Epistle to the Thessalonians; as an anchor, sure and steadfast, by the author of the

Epistle to the Hebrews. Perhaps the greatest saying of all, a saying which identifies hope with the life which it quickens and gladdens, was minted first from the golden thought of Greece. "Hope is for the living," said Theocritus. Those who have abandoned hope are already numbered as among the dead.

Now all this rich profusion of poetic imagery, at which I have merely hinted because it is so familiar that a hint is sufficient—all this profusion of poetic imagery and consensus of poetic opinion should give us pause and make us realize that we must live hopefully, and cultivate a mood of strong and buoyant expectation, if we are to live fully and to live well. For when the poets are all of one mind upon a matter of importance, the poets are generally right. They are the seers, who look deep into human life and discover for us great and secret springs of spiritual refreshment. The more fully we are absorbed in practical affairs, the more, not less, we need their guidance. Recreation is what its name implies, recreation, the renewing of the mind, and the term implies not only golf but poetry. New ideas are the mind's best medicine, and horizons

widened by poetic vision its truest means of rest.

But to return to the topic upon which the poets are single-minded. Hope is the beautiful and essential thing they picture it: a fountain to replenish, a taper to illuminate, a wildflower which, however frail and trembling, is the harbinger of spring. More particularly, it is an anchor, sure and steadfast. It is, in the first instance, an anchor by which our hold upon physical life is made more stable. We live because we desire to live. And we desire to live because there is expectation in our minds that the morrow will prove to be worth living for. Take away hope, and you have taken away the main incentive to recuperation. The sick man, no longer anchored to life but drifting aimlessly upon a sea of darkness, will be minded to turn his face to the wall and die. Reinforce the sick man's hope and expectation, make him want to get well, make him believe that he can get well, make him believe that it is worth while to get well, and you have cast out anchors for him. Most physicians nowadays realize this. Some of them realize it very keenly, and are leaders of thought in this

direction, and careful to surround the sick with an atmosphere of hope and expectation. Some, however, are more occupied with symptoms than with souls. At one time or another I have encountered a number of men and women, certainly not less than twenty, and I think considerably more, who in times past were "given up" by their presumably devoted families, or assured by specialists that they had only two years, or three months, or some such limited time to live. One is reminded of the expressive couplet of Gay:

> Is there no hope? the sick man said.
> The silent doctor shook his head.

We get little comfort from the doctor who shakes his head as the prelude to his ministrations, or from the friend who grasps us by the hand and remarks solicitously, "I hope that you are not feeling as bad as you look."

If, then, we wish to be sources of strength to our fellow men, sure and steadfast anchors when we find them adrift from their physical or moral moorings, we must be to them anchors of hope. We must cultivate deliberately and assiduously a cheerful disposition.

We must remember that according to the dictionary hope is not merely desire, but desire joined with expectation. The way some people say "I hope so" gives one the impression that the thing they hope for is the last thing they expect. Such hope is of the harebell variety, not a fountain nor an anchor nor a star. Hope, in St. Paul's great trilogy of Christian graces, is the middle term between faith and love. It is hope which renders our faith effective, and which often is the best vehicle, and sometimes the only one, for the expression of our charity.

There are always two ways in which we can approach men. We can approach men under what Spinoza calls the notion of the bad, or we can approach them under the notion of the good. To approach them under the notion of the bad is to point out to them their defects and shortcomings, and sometimes this is very necessary. To approach them under the notion of the good is to emphasize, not their defects and shortcomings, but the virtues which stand over against them, casting out into those virtues the steadfast anchor of hope.

For example, a child can be cured of un-

truthfulness either by being shown that lying is wicked, or that truth-telling is brave and admirable. A clerk can be dealt with for indolence either by being reproved for the disorder of his desk and the slovenliness of his accounts, or by having neat, precise and businesslike methods forcibly and hopefully recommended to him. The former method is the easier; the latter, in nine cases out of ten, is the more efficacious, for it makes freemen, and obedience freely rendered under the notion of the good is worth a thousand obediences freely rendered under the notion of the bad. It was the custom of that great preacher, Phillips Brooks, not to scold his congregations, but to encourage them, setting before them in glowing words and with winsome and irresistible appeal the ideals of manhood and of womanhood which he held for them, and which he firmly believed them capable of attaining. He was capable of the other kind of preaching. He preached once, at Harvard College, a sombre, almost terrific sermon under the notion of the bad, a warning against reckless and dissolute living which none who heard it ever forgot. But though urged to do so, he would

not print that sermon, just because it was not characteristic of his methods. Like St. Peter, he chose to be the apostle of hope, and it was the secret of his influence.

There is another application of the text which suggests itself because just now the subject lies close to the surface of our thoughts. A paper called the *Star of Hope* is printed twice a month in Sing Sing prison, and distributed through five prisons in the state. Inmates of these various prisons contribute to it, most of the articles being biographical, and some of them of poignant human interest. No names accompany the contributions. They are by Sing Sing No. 65368, Clinton No. 10449, and others: nameless folk waiting until society will have given them back their names. I think that a regular reading of this paper would convince those who require to be convinced of it that the right way to treat the social offender is to treat him under the notion of the good. Story after story shows that the other way does not work, that the method of vengeance maddens and makes desperate, that when men are treated as though they were dangerous wild beasts, they

get to feel like beasts and act like beasts. On the other hand, story after story shows that the man who treats the social offender with reference to his future usefulness, who makes him think of the future and plan for the future with desire and with expectation, has released in him a spring of energy and of improvement from which large results may be looked for, for power moves in the direction of hope. These lives that have cut loose from their social moorings are not derelicts requiring to be sunk. They are ships in distress, signaling to us for assistance, "ships in the darkness, plunging in heavy seas."

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." It is a noble figure, for we need to think of hope not only as an impetus, but as a safeguard; not only as a fountain flowing freely and sending forth sweet waters, but also as affording us firm anchorage when storms have arisen, and the question is no longer, Can we go forward, but, Can we keep what has been already gained? It is under this latter aspect that we must think of it in closing, for these are days when the faith of many has been shaken and devas-

tated, when they need to take in sail, to close-reef their oversanguine expectations, and to use hope not as a flag, but as an anchor, staying them amid the buffetings of earthly change. The author speaks of this anchor as one which "entereth into that within the veil." In the eagerness of his thoughts, the author may have mixed his metaphor, as one tumultuous image crowds upon another. It is more likely, however, that we have here a consistent metaphor, that what he means by "that within the veil" is the unseen, deep, serene, untroubled world which lies beneath the surface of life's troubled ocean, into which hope's anchor can be cast and bite upon solid rock. Is it not so? God and hope are inseparable. That hope is not worthy of the name, and no assurance of even a moment's safety which does not go deep enough into reality to lay hold upon Him.

Let us look at the alternatives with which we are confronted. Either God rules the world, and is conducting it to some good end which He foresees, or else He does not rule it. If the latter alternative is the true one, I do not see that there is any room for noble and tenacious hopefulness. Nature does not make

room for it. We cannot trust her. She is ruthless in her dealings with us. Nature is so careless about good and evil that she digs one bloody trench for Judas Iscariot and for Stephen the first martyr, so prodigal of what we count precious that men's lives strew her forests as thickly as autumn leaves. Man does not make room for it. We cannot trust him. Over and over again, when we are upon the point of trusting what we call law and order and civilization, they prove to be little more than a veneer to cover primitive and savage passions. The war has made that plain. Nature herself is not more ruthless in her dealings, more prodigal of what we count precious, than man has been with his brother man. If man and nature are all that the universe contains, then there is no room in the world for hope. A Godless world is, in the nature of the case, a hopeless one, and the complement of atheism is despair.

On the other hand, it is possible to look upon this world as a world in the making, a world in which some transcendent purpose is at work, mind molding matter, spirit overcoming and subduing, though so slowly that at times

the progress is imperceptible, that which resists its great and beneficent will. And this view also is tenable, and finds much which it can cite in its support. There is progress. We go to the Museum of Natural History and see reconstructed for us the skeleton of some monster of the reptilian age, and we know that the world where men read Shakespeare and love their children is better than the world when dragons fought with one another in the primeval slime. We read the history of the Middle Ages, and we realize that though there are happenings to-day well-nigh as horrible, the difference is that then they were taken for granted, and now they excite horror and disgust and a fierce and passionate resolve that they shall not be suffered to recur in the future. And what we see is not all dark, and what we hear is not all one-sided. For if there are cruelties to confound us, there are also in every land heroisms, sacrifices, great devotions to inspire us. If history is sounding the abysses, it is also scaling the heights of human nature.

No: we must make our choice, and the choice is absolute and the alternatives exclu-

sive. For us it is either God and infinite hope, or atheism and despair. Hope entereth into that within the veil, and there finds anchorage. The world is a world in the making. Mind molds matter very slowly, but then, as the philosopher Keyserling has pointed out, nothing else molds it at all. The will of God is at work in human history, bringing good out of evil. The love of God is stronger than the sin of man; the patience of God more durable. His loving and patient Providence is supreme over the world's apparent anarchy. His order, justice, government, are enshrined in some unviolated centre, whence the creative word goes forth that shall not return unto him void. "The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters." His throne is established of old.

SERMON VIII

THE TEXT OF CHRIST'S FIRST SERMON

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

ST. LUKE IV: 18, 19

THIS is the text of Christ's first sermon, which he preached in the synagogue in Nazareth, the place where he had been brought up. He applied the words of Isaiah to himself, and made them a description of his own mission. "This day," he said, "is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

We have spiritualized the words. We have taken poor to mean the poor in spirit. We have understood captives to refer to captives of sin, and blind to mean the inly blind. To a certain extent we have been justified in doing this. The mission of the Lord Jesus was, of course, first and foremost, a spiritual mission. In his estimation the souls of men were of infinitely more importance than their bodies.

But if anyone thinks that a spiritual interpretation of Christ's words exhausts their meaning, if anyone thinks that his gospel bears no relation to material facts, that it has no message for sickness, for poverty, for unemployment, for degradation of the standard of life, for every kind and type of economic and social disorder, then he does not know his Bible. The miracles should enlighten him. To the man sick of the palsy our Lord said first, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." But almost in the same breath he added, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

The text of Christ's first sermon is a quotation from the Old Testament. Now the Old Testament, more than any other book or collection of books that has ever been put together, is a gospel for the unprivileged. No one can understand the Mosaic legislation, no one can understand Hebrew prophecy, no one can understand the Psalms, unless there are in his heart chords of sympathy which vibrate in response to elemental human needs. Moses is the outstanding figure in the Old Testament. His character strikes the keynote of it. Our first glimpse of him shows where his

sympathies lie. We find him in a transport of moral indignation. He strikes down the Egyptian taskmaster whom he finds abusing a slave, strikes him down and strikes him dead, then flees to save his own life into the desert. He emerges from the desert to proclaim to his oppressed people that God has witnessed their oppression and is ready to deliver them with a mighty hand and with a stretched-out arm.

The legislation associated with the name of Moses is humane legislation. It is concerned with the duties that men owe to God, but it is, if anything, even more concerned with the duties which men owe to one another. It has been said that Anglo-Saxon law is characterized by a somewhat exaggerated respect for the rights of property owners. Hebrew legislation was based upon recognition of the rights of personality. All its sympathies were with those who were having a hard time to live and to take care of their families. The law of Moses is poor man's law.

So with the Hebrew prophets. Those whose messages are recorded in the Bible were all of one point of view. Like Moses, they

espoused the cause of the weak. Like Moses, they were champions of the friendless and the oppressed. They believed that the God of the Exodus from Egypt was an unchanging God, and that His sympathies were where they had been from the beginning. The hearts of the prophets burned with indignation when they saw the Naboths of Israel deprived of their vineyards, the Uriahs of Israel robbed of their wives, the poor men of Israel crowded to the wall. From Elijah to John the Baptist, social justice was the burden of Hebrew prophecy. As for Hebrew psalmody, read it. Count the number of psalms that have the wrongs of the poor as their grievance, or the hopes of the poor as their theme.

When Jesus came, he came as the successor of the prophets. He came with the words of Isaiah as his mandate, and with the whole Old Testament as the background of his mission. He came not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil. The new order that he was to establish was to supersede an old and unjust social order. This is evident in St. Luke's version of the Beatitudes. "Blessed are the hungry people," he says in substance,

"for in the new order they are going to be fed. Blessed are the unhappy people, for in the new order they are going to be consoled. Blessed are the humble people, for in the new order they are going to be exalted. Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God."

It is plain, therefore, that Christ's words have a secular as well as a spiritual application. They point to a kingdom of God which, although heavenly in its origin, is to be established on earth, and to make a heavenly place of this earth. From a political point of view, the Old Testament was nothing if not radical. In the days of the vast and barbarous oppressions of Egypt and Assyria, it wrote as by the finger of God the doom of every human despotism, and the promise of right and plenty for the common man. The New Testament is no whit less radical. James Russell Lowell said of it that there is dynamite enough in it to blow all our existing institutions to atoms, if illegitimately applied. The social message of Jesus, divorced from the method and spirit of Jesus, is dynamite. The French Revolution is a terrific instance of its power to rend and blast. Our only safety from the ideas that

Jesus loosed upon the world is his own interpretation of them. The *whole* gospel which will heal is our only protection from the *half* gospel which has it in its power to destroy the very fabric of society. The sooner that we all learn just what Jesus meant by his Gospel for the poor, just what it promises, just what it requires, just what we may expect from its practical application, the better for us and for our children.

One thing is basic in his doctrine, and that is his theory of ownership.

Christ never speaks of wealth of any sort as being owned by those who have it. He always speaks of it as being entrusted to them by One in whose interests they must use it, and to Whom they will be called upon to render strict account. He spoke more parables upon the subject of stewardship than upon any other single theme. The human possessor of wealth is the steward; the wealth itself is God's.

And what is God's will concerning the material wealth which He alone can properly be said to own? No one can read the Bible and remain in doubt as to the answer to that

question! It is God's will that material wealth shall be employed in a manner which will secure the comfort and culture and happiness of the greatest possible number of God's children. It is not the will of God that society should be composed in any part of indolent and unproductive idlers, supported rebelliously by a submerged class of begrimed and sullen toilers. It is not the will of God that property should enter into human relationship as a keen wedge dividing class from class, so that the poor are seldom seen in the drawing-rooms of the rich, or the rich at the tables of the poor. It is not the will of God that men who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and dug wealth out of the ground with brave hearts and strong backs and steady eyes, should be cast aside like broken things when their strength begins to wane. It is not the will of God that women should be given work which keeps them standing ten hours a day, or stitching for sixteen. It is not the will of God that little children should have sharpened, hardened faces and no play.

The Archbishop of York has spoken memorable words in this connection. "We all

feel," he said, "that the war came to us at a time when we were all becoming conscious that our social system was revealing very deep defects, and our great trust is that the spirit of common fellowship which the war has called out may be transmuted after the war into an impulse toward wider social reconstruction, carried through in the same spirit of common fellowship and sacrifice. . . . It is quite safe to say," he added, "that all our older families, all the landed aristocracy, are quite conscious of the fact that things can never again be as they were before the war; and they are most willing to face the changes that must come." [1]

"Most willing to face the changes that must come"—there speaks the very soul of England! The country which we think of as preserving many remnants of feudalism in its social structure has been so stirred by the war that soon, perhaps, it may be giving the lead to democratic America in the things of democracy. No more noteworthy program has been put forth anywhere than the British Labor party's proposed program of social

[1] The New York *Times Magazine*, March 10, 1918.

reconstruction. As to its specific proposals, there will be, of course, wide divergence of opinion, but all must recognize that it is permeated with an idealism which more than once finds expression in Christian phraseology.

In the impending social reconstruction, what is the proper place for the Church of Christ? Where but in the vanguard, happy in the realization of its hopes? If the Church is faithful to the teachings of its Founder, it will welcome these premonitions of changes which he foretold. It will sympathize with the efforts of wage earners to obtain better housing, better sanitation, more leisure for mental and moral cultivation, more opportunity to provide for their children, more respite from the incessant drudgery which wears down the spirit and inhibits the higher life.

That does not mean, of course, that Christians must on principle endorse every demand of the wage earner for an increase in pay. Every such application should be judged on its merits, and with reference to the needs and the abilities of society as a whole. But quite irrespective of the pros and cons of any particular question, there is a spirit, there is a

sympathy, there is a mental attitude in which these pros and cons are taken into consideration. There is such a thing as Christian chivalry. Let it determine our attitude upon political and economic questions! Let it take us where it has taken all of God's prophets of the Old Testament dispensation, and all of Christ's Apostles of the New, to the side of those who need assistance, guidance, sympathy, leadership and inspiration in their efforts to attain a larger and a freer life! Let our hearts be where his heart was who, at the very outset of his divine ministry, proclaimed himself anointed to preach the gospel to the poor!

SERMON IX

RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth."

PSALM LXXII: 6

RAIN coming down upon new-mown hay and drenching it is anything but a blessing, as every farmer knows. But the Psalmist knew that, too, and this is not at all what he had in mind. He was using the word grass poetically. He did not mean by it the crop which had been reaped and harvested. He meant the ground from which it had been taken. After the mowing, the meadow lies brown and bare, parched by the sun and unproductive, the very picture of exhaustion and inertia, and so it will continue to lie until something happens. If there is to be fruitfulness again, if there is to be production, if the meadow is to put forth new growth and be clothed again with verdure, then there must come first of all a great refreshing. Rain must come down upon it, and showers that water the earth.

That is the metaphor in which, ages ago, a Hebrew poet set forth his advent hope, his

expectation of the coming of the Messiah. He was a patriot, and like all patriots, he was looking forward to the coming of a righteous king who should bring his land deliverance. But his thought went deep, and anticipated the nature of that deliverance. Israel lay brown and bare, a land reaped and denuded by the scythe of war. If there was to be new life, if there was to be new vitality, if there was to be new power of production, the Messiah must bring these things. His coming must be like the great recuperative powers of nature. He must come to his people with life-giving power, silently, genially, graciously, a great refreshment. Other poets and prophets of his day were looking forward to the coming of a warrior Messiah, a conqueror, one who should avenge their wrongs and break in pieces their oppressors. This man's hope went deeper. This man's realization of what was needed went deeper. Israel needed deliverance from enemies; true enough, but Israel needed far more than that. The land was exhausted, not only by war, but by the output of passion which accompanies war. Its strength was drained. Its vitality was depleted. It needed

a Saviour, a deliverer, a giver of new life. Let the Messiah come so to his people—that was what the Psalmist prayed. Let him come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.

Rain upon the mown grass. How quiet the simile is! It takes our thoughts into the silent world of nature, with its orderly processes, its gradual changes, and its slow, patient, inevitable maturities. There is something solemnizing and restful in this quietness of nature, something that for our souls' growth and good we need to take into our consciousness. Read Sedgwick's *Pro Vita Monastica,* that beautiful, earnest plea, not for monasticism—the world will not be likely to turn again to that in the old way—but for what monasticism stood for, time for the things of the spirit in the midst of our too busy life, times of seclusion, of isolation, of meditation and the culture of our souls.

We, with our little comings and goings, are so full of speech, so anxious to explain, so afraid of being misunderstood, so ready to give an account of ourselves to anyone who has the patience to listen, that we become insensitive

to activities which are conducted without noise and voluble explanation.

And all the while, behind these little volubilities of ours, there lie great cosmic silences in which our lives are set and out of which they take their meaning. Nature is not talkative. Nature speaks only to him who has ears to hear, and to him she speaks in syllables so simple and so majestic that he must enlarge his mind in order to receive her meaning. In silence she bade the planets swing in their vast orbits around the sun. Only to the prepared heart of Newton she breathed a word of the tremendous law by which they are held to their course. In the silence of inscrutable strength and purpose, the processes of nature go on to-day. The sun puts forth its strength and gathers waters from the sea; the clouds are formed, the wind carries them, and somewhere the earth is visited, the springs are replenished, the parched land is visited by rain. But we are not consulted about all this, nor reasoned with, nor provided with explanations. Nature waits, and by and by a Galileo arises to interpret her ways to men; a Francis of Assisi to sing his Canticle of the Sun; or a Coleridge to

watch the sun rise from the valley of Chamonix to hear "earth with her thousand voices" praising God.

If the silences of nature are solemn, how much more solemn and full of meaning are silences of God! That Lord of all being, throned afar, that Alpha and Omega from whom life and thought proceed and in Whom they end, is in no haste to vindicate His ways to men. Why has He given us life? What would He have us do? Does He care for us? Why does he permit evil in the world? Why does He allow the innocent to suffer? Up to His heaven go our prayers, our complaints, our beseechings, our stormy importunings, and over and over again it seems as though no God were listening; as though all the prayers of all the ages were falling away into illimitable space. Wrong doing goes apparently unpunished. Right doing does not save men from pain, from weariness, from mental confusion, from bereavement. We speak, and God answers us by silence. And yet, there are men who have interpreted the silences of God. As Newton and Bacon and Darwin have had ears for the silences of nature, so the

prophets have had ears for the silences of God. They have read His utterances in the quiet voice of conscience. They have witnessed long-delayed rewards and retributions. They have learned not to doubt that He has care for his people.

In silence life discloses to us its most precious secrets. A time comes when we emerge from childhood into grave, responsible manhood and womanhood. We eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. We assume the burden that makes character, the burden of accountability for our good and evil deeds. What we say, what we think, what we do, what we are, matters. At times our eyes are open, and we have a glimpse of things under the aspect of eternity, and we see that the moral issues of life matter supremely, that they affect, for good or ill, the eternal destinies of our souls. But this knowledge is not borne in upon us in a moment. We cannot put our fingers upon any point in our lives and say, On that side of the line I was a child; on this side I became a man. Very gradually, very quietly, without tumult or shouting, life initiates us into the first of its great mysteries, the

mystery of conscience. Daniel Webster said that two things filled him with awe: the stars in heaven, and the eternal accountability of his soul.

As with the initiation into conscience, so it is with the initiation into fellowship. We are brought into contact with other people. The child world of father, mother, brothers, and sisters expands indefinitely, and we find ourselves in a great complex of relationships, men in a world of men. Some repel us, and we avoid them. To some we are indifferent; our lives do not meet nor our sympathies interlock. But there are others who attract us, and we are drawn to them by gravitations of the spirit as real and quite as mysterious as the laws which govern motion in the physical world. We seek them out, we draw near to them, and still more near in blessed quest of fellowship. If we win their answering love, it is our coronation to have won it. If death takes them from us, we walk softly in bitterness of soul. More and more, as years go by, we learn to find in these human relationships the final meanings and values of human life.

More and more we learn to believe with Robert Browning that

> . . . life, with all it holds of joy or woe,
> Is just our chance of the prize of learning love;
> What love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

And yet, this does not come about perceptibly. There is something withheld, something mysterious, something altogether secret and sacred in these initiations into fellowship. Alongside of the ordinary and obvious currents of life, hidden currents have been tending in directions of which we have not been aware. Love is a given thing, and it is given in silence. It comes down upon our lives like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

It was so that Jesus, God's ineffable gift to humanity, made his entrance into the world. Like rain upon the mown grass he came, and as showers that water the earth. One cannot read St. Luke's account of the coming of the Blessed One without seeing behind the wonder and the mystery the supreme naturalness of it all. God's way of giving His Son was like all God's ways of giving, like Nature's ways of

giving, like life's ways of giving; how the oldest and sweetest of our Christmas carols make less of the amazing difference than of the exquisite resemblance! The babe whose coming divided history as with a sword of light was a babe of flesh and blood, born of a woman, wrapped in swaddling clothes, laid in a manger. The infancy was like that of other babes; the innocent, questioning childhood was like theirs. The life that followed was like that of other men, so far as its outward circumstances were concerned. Jesus grew in grace and wisdom, as other men have grown. Jesus was tempted, and resisted temptation, and grew strong. He was subjected to life's painful disciplines of opposition, bereavement, disappointment: "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." Jesus brought into ordinary human life the life of the country and the city, the field and the street, the crowded life of manifold interests and relationships such as you and I are living, a perfect truthfulness, a perfect charity, a perfect courage, a perfect trust in God. Is this a strange thing? Is not this the kind of life all men were meant to

live? But we, as we try to examine ourselves, as we scan our lives, as we weigh them in great balances of duty and find them wanting, we know the difference between that divine life and our own. We know that Jesus did what no one else has done: that he lived a life of perfect and atoning goodness which like the rain from heaven has satisfied our thirst for an ideal. God is nowhere more Godlike than in His silences, in His reserves, in the manner of His self-revelation. He will not compel our allegiance with thunderbolts. He will not woo our love in whirlwinds. Generation after generation of doubters search heaven for a sign, and lo, no sign is given them but that of a life lived in their midst so natural, so divinely human, that they lose sight of its unapproachable uniqueness and exclaim, "Is not this the carpenter's son, and are not his brethren with us?" By the mystery of the Holy Incarnation, hid from the wise and prudent, revealed so winsomely, so willingly, to the lowly and the poor in spirit, the good Lord delivers His children.

The prophet Elijah stood upon Mount Sinai and awaited the vision of the divine majesty. "And behold, the Lord passed by,

and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind, and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a voice of gentle stillness." And in that voice Elijah heard his God. That is the Old Testament foreshadowing of the coming of the Messiah. Not in the culture of Athens, not in the pomp of Nineveh, not in the majesty of Rome, but in humble little Bethlehem the Christ Child first appears. A night like other nights, but henceforth unlike them all. A cave like others in the limestone rocks, but sixty generations have paid their homage there. A young Jewish mother, like other mothers, but all generations shall call her blessed. A babe like other babes, weak, innocent, helpless, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger, but men will hail him as the Desire of Nations, the Light of the World, the Word made flesh and dwelling among them, full of grace and truth. Is it hard to believe? The shepherds did not find it so. The children do not find it so. Saints,

apostles, prophets, teachers, martyrs, the great succession of the faithful through the ages, these have not found it so. And we, if with all our hearts we turn to him, we shall not find it so.

SERMON X

THE CHRISTIAN FAST

"When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face; That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

ST. MATTHEW VI: 16–18

CHRIST does not use the term hypocrite in quite the sense which is ordinarily attached to it. He does not suggest, for instance, that there was any pretense or dissimulation in the fasting of the Pharisees whom he criticizes in this passage. As a matter of fact, there was no pretense. They did not go about the streets looking hungry and then indulge their appetites in private. They did not satisfy the legal requirements by a pleasant and wholesome substitute of fish and vegetables in the place of eggs and meat. They really did fast, very frequently and very vigorously. There were days of abstinence in their calendar in which not a drop of water and not a morsel of food passed their lips all day long. And so, by

accusing them of being hypocrites, what our Lord calls into question is not their practice but their principles, not the sincerity of their fast but the sincerity of their motive in fasting. They were not fasting, nor praying, nor giving alms from any profound and genuine spiritual motive. They were doing these things for effect. They were doing them to acquire prestige among the people. And that motive of display, of doing things for effect, of ostentation in the practices of religion, is what Christ is rebuking in the Sermon on the Mount. He does so with phrases that have a hint of laughter in them, and so are far more telling than downright denunciation. He tells his hearers that when they give alms, they are not to sound a trumpet before them. What a delightfully ironical description that is of ostentatious generosity! To this very day it finds the man who will not give to an object of charity unless his name is attached to the gift. He tells them not to pray standing in the street corners, where their prayers will interrupt the traffic; not to parade their fasting with outward signs of humiliation. That again had reference to the Pharisees, with

their unwashed faces and unkempt hair. One of the reasons why they hated Jesus with such deadly and relentless animosity was that on occasions such as this our Lord had exposed them to the derision of the people, and so discredited their authority with the people. Persons who take themselves as seriously as the Pharisees did cannot bear to have their foibles exposed. But this gives us the background of fact in which to set these injunctions about fasting. Be not as the hypocrites meant, Be not as the Pharisees. The hypocrite, in other words, is the man who does or says a right and proper thing with a wrong and improper, or with at least a defective, motive. He is the man who says what he says and does what he does in order to make a favorable impression, in order to be seen of men.

Taken in this New Testament sense, hypocrisy, instead of being an exceptional thing, is one of the commonest faults in human nature, a fault against which every one of us needs to be warned and needs to be constantly on guard. Exaggerated cases of it are easy enough to mark. There is the author who embellishes his essay with learned and quite

unnecessary quotations in order to show the wideness of his reading. There is the social parvenu who lugs into his conversation references to the great people with whom he has just been dining, and who is eager to tell what Lord so-and-so has just said to him at the club. There is the man in any walk of life who parades his thrift, his industry, his generosity, his piety, his learning. But these are exaggerated, and the fault is found with many and very subtle gradations. Goethe complained that he found everywhere histrionic people, play actors, men who calculate every act and word with reference to its effect upon their neighbors. "They seem," he said, "to be always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches." Hawthorne, in the *Scarlet Letter,* goes deeper. He urges sincerity, reality, as the very bedrock on which life must build. After all, sincerity is the first step not only of reality in religion, but even of reality in culture. There can be no true culture without self-respect, and there can be no self-respect while men and women

are so subservient to the opinions of their neighbors that they speak and act for effect.

To save his followers from the snare of undue deference to the opinions of other people, Jesus advised that strictly individual religious practices, such as almsgiving, private prayer, and fasting, be performed as far as possible in secret. Especially in the case of fasting, he urged that the utmost care be taken to prevent this practice from degenerating into anything ostentatious. It was a needed warning. Human nature is so constituted that men are never in greater danger than when they begin to pride themselves upon the things that they can do without. It was the first and proudest boast of the Pharisee that he fasted twice a week; it was the chief ground of his proud assertion of superior virtue: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." Our Lord, who knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell him, knew this weakness and warned against it. "Anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father, which is in secret: and thy Father,

which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

The Christian fast, in other words, is to be so sincere and so serene that to outsiders it seems no fast at all. The Christian fast is to be a means to an end: always it is to be incidental to some higher purpose. And when it is looked upon as a means to an end, when it does subserve a higher purpose, then the motive of ostentation completely disappears because there is no longer room for it. The thing given up seems so small in comparison with the things sought for that its renunciation does not even appear in the light of a sacrifice. The man who abstains from wasting time over cheap periodicals in order to devote the time to serious and constructive reading is fasting, but it is an unconscious fast. The father who goes without a new overcoat in order that he may have a little more money laid up against the expenses of his son's tuition is fasting, but if he is a true father, it is an unconscious fast. The Christian who takes time in his busy life for periods of solitude and reflection—periods which are as essential to the growth of the

soul as space and light are essential to the growth of a tree—he, too, is fasting, but it is an unconscious fast. It is written of our Lord that when he had been forty days in the wilderness, afterward he was anhungered: the fast had not been realized till then. Always the Christian fast has in it this element of unconsciousness. Whatever be the abstinence practiced, whether it be abstinence from food, or from amusement, or from trivial employment, always such abstinence must be to the Christian a means to an end. He abstains in order that he may enjoy something higher and better, and it is this positiveness of purpose which saves him from the subtle taint of hypocrisy, from doing things for effect.

We are now engaged in keeping Lent, and this is the heart of its meaning. Lent requires of us "such a measure of abstinence as is more especially suited to extraordinary acts and exercises of devotion." We are called upon to forego for a time certain pleasures and recreations in which we ordinarily indulge. Is it because they are harmful? Not a bit of it! If they were, we should be called upon to give them up entirely instead of for a limited pe-

riod. What is the objection to them? Why are they to be renounced? The sole objection to them is that they are crowding out better things. They take time, and time is precious: time is the coin of opportunity with which we purchase what will enrich life.

If a man were to spend a large sum of money for a cheap lithograph, when the same amount of money would have purchased a masterpiece, he would incur the ridicule of his neighbors. And yet, time is constantly being used to purchase commodities that are worthless when it might have been used to purchase commodities that are precious. The time required to read a worthless book or periodical is no shorter than the time that is required to read a serious and illuminating biography. The afternoon that is frittered away in sheer idleness afforded time enough to have called on some newcomer and begun a new and delightful acquaintance, or to have confirmed an old friendship by a visit, or by letter. It is difficult to realize that the men and women who have accomplished marvels in the way of work have had no more hours in their days than any one of us. They have all had

to live on twenty-four hours a day. "Redeeming the time," says St. Paul. Redeeming the time, as though it were being doled out to us like coin; as though every moment could be put to use in bringing order into the home, and culture into the mind, and sympathy into the heart, and holiness into the spirit—and it can be. Lent reminds us of the sacredness of time. Lent helps us shoulder aside all these crowding and impertinent interruptions—useless employments, trifling engagements. And in the very act of thrusting aside the familiar tenants of our time we see new tenants hastening to occupy it, and to give it greater worth.

From the beginning to the end, life involves choice. It is a constant and unremittent exercise of the faculty of selection. No matter what we do, there is always an alternative, another thing which we could do if we so desire. Every day in the year and every waking hour of the day calls upon us to choose between two or more courses which are open to us, and the choice of one generally excludes the other. We cannot at the same time read a biography and a dime novel. We cannot squander opportunities, and yet redeem them.

Matthew Arnold has defined culture as a knowledge of the best that men have thought and said. The only way to know the best that men have thought and said is to refrain from reading the second and third and fourth best until one has had time to familiarize oneself with it. And what is true of intellectual culture is just as true of spiritual culture. This is a world of law and order. We don't gather figs of thistles. We reap what we sow, and if we are to reap spirituality, or anything like spirituality, we have to sow the seeds of spirituality in prayer, in study of the Scriptures, and in meditation upon sacred things. That stands to reason. We all know that it is so. But the trouble is that there stands in the way that great obstacle to all progress, moral inertia. It takes effort to go along this path. It requires an amount of moral earnestness which few are willing to devote to the task: in our Saviour's sad words, Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. But the gate, though narrow, stands open. The way, though steep, is accessible. And the value of Lent is that it turns our attention to these

things, and, if we keep Lent, helps us forward. It gives us the opportunity to "corner ourselves by specific engagements," to live for a while by rule, to set definite times for the kind of reading and thinking and praying that we intend, and to keep those self-appointed hours as carefully as we do any other binding engagements.

"Anoint thine head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast . . . and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." True religion is never ostentatious. But although the processes of religion are secret, the result of them is a character that is like a city set on an hill, a life like light shining in the darkness, and by the honesty of its purpose, by the transparent sincerity of its endeavor, bearing witness to the truth. The fasting of the Christian is to be secret, but a certain superiority of the soul over the body, a certain hardiness of temper and disposition, a certain energy and independence of judgment will show whether mental and moral flabbiness have yielded to self-discipline. The almsgiving of a Christian will be as far as possible carried on in secret.

He will sound no trumpet before his benefactions. None the less, they will be noted, and his path through life will be known by the wake of kindness that it leaves behind. The prayers of the Christian are secret, but their effect cannot be hid. There will be evident in him an elevation of thought, a serenity of spirit, and a certain grave directness which mark the man of prayer, and the weak will turn to him for help, and find shelter in his strength.

SERMON XI

KING LEMUEL GOES A-MOTHERING

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

PROVERBS XXXI: 27

In olden times it was the simple and affectionate custom of English people to go to see their parents, especially their mothers, on the mid-Sunday of Lent, taking for them some little present, such as a cake or a trinket. A youth doing this was said to go *a-mothering,* and thence the day itself came to be called Mothering Sunday. It was a pleasant custom, and if it can be kept clear of the sentimentalism in which florists, minor poets, and some preachers seem inclined to bathe it, it would be good to see a revival of it. A home is not a happy accident. It is the work of love and of loving labor. So, while the home makers are still with us, busy with catering, clothes mending, and spring cleaning, let their children arise, and go a-mothering.

In the thirty-first chapter of the Book of

Proverbs, King Lemuel goes a-mothering. He gives us the parable in praise of a virtuous woman—no doubt, either his mother or his wife—which has furnished the text for nobody knows how many obituary notices and epitaphs from King Lemuel's day to this. The parable gives us a charming insight into the workings of a well-ordered Eastern home. It was well-ordered because the home maker, the wife and mother, had the ordering of it. She was the presiding genius of the household. Her energy, her industry, her thrift, and her hospitality were in evidence at every turn. Her subordinates did their work properly because she had done the preliminary planning properly, and had also set them a good example in the matter of early rising. There were no loose ends to perplex them. Nothing had been left to chance.

Housekeeping in the Orient in King Lemuel's time was a much more widely diversified undertaking than is ordinarily the case with us in the West to-day. It was more like what housekeeping must have been in the days of our Dutch or New England pioneer ancestors. Each individual household produced almost

all, if not quite all, the articles which it consumed. It raised its own sheep and sheared them; carded its own wool; spun its own flax; raised grapes in its own vineyard; and sowed and harvested the grain in its own fields. All these multiform and manifold activities kept the mistress of the house busy from morning until night. She rose before daybreak, and her candle burned late into the night. And yet this business of housekeeping did not take all the time of the busy housekeeper. She found time for interests outside the home, as busy people whose work is thoroughly systematized quite often do. We read that "she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." Throughout it all she is the very picture of health and contentment and cheerful satisfaction. "Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come."

The ways of the modern West are not the ways of the ancient East. Even within the last one hundred years, the introduction of machinery has greatly changed the status of woman and complicated the conditions of her life. In the old days a woman could stay at

home and take care of her house and family, and yet at the same time produce economic wealth, by sewing, weaving, spinning, and the like. Nowadays, this production of wealth has been taken away from her; it is cheaper and more profitable to have such work done in factories. And yet in all but a few favored homes it is still incumbent upon the woman to be a wealth producer. The man alone, unless he is exceptionally well situated, cannot earn enough unaided to make things go, and his children do not become wage earners at as early an age as in the olden days. This means that for at least one hundred years economic pressure has been driving women to a greater and greater extent out of their homes, into factories, into domestic service, into professions, into all sorts of gainful occupation formerly barred to them, in order that they may increase their husband's earnings.

Good and bad are intermingled in the result. On the good side is to be reckoned the enriching of our social life by woman's broader and more fruitful participation in it, the refining and ameliorating effect of her interest in municipal and national politics; and most

of all, I think, the effect of these larger interests and wider sympathies upon herself as wife and mother. The woman of to-day is a friend and companion and comrade of her menfolk in a variety of ways and to a degree which was not possible in preceding generations, and the gain of this is evident. But these gains have not been achieved without corresponding losses. Women cannot be away from their homes without deleterious results to their children. In the case of the poor, the children often run wild in the streets and are subjected to contaminating influences. It is strange that in trying to account for the so-called crime wave, and especially for the prevalence of juvenile delinquency, more stress has not been laid upon this factor in the equation. And beyond this, and most serious, perhaps, of all, the absence of women, the natural teachers of religion, from the home has meant that the children are no longer receiving the same amount of religious instruction as in times past.

That, I think, is the most serious loss of all. What this country needs at the present time more than it needs any other single thing is

a revival of family religion. In going back to that, we should be going back to the sources of strength and energy which made great the beginnings of our national life. Material and intellectual needs, food, clothing, education—all these are well taken care of under the present system. American parents are good providers; few if any can surpass them in their solicitude, not only for their children's physical health and sustenance, but also for their education and even for their recreation. But material and intellectual wants are not the only wants. They are not even the chief wants, considered from the highest viewpoint. The chief wants are those of the moral nature. The whole of our civilization is thirsting for the thing for which religion stands, the thing which religion is—a consciousness of personal fellowship with a just and holy God, and of personal accountability to Him. The defect must be met at home, if it is to be met fittingly. There has been a saddening lapse in old and good customs. Family prayers, grace before meals, Sunday afternoon reading of Bible stories and of lives of saintly and heroic people, Sunday evening singing of well-known

hymns—all these things, so familiar to members of Christian households a generation or so ago, are no longer familiar. Are motion pictures, comic supplements, and similar excitements a real improvement upon them? We know better than to think so. It is for the fathers and the mothers—more especially, perhaps, the mothers of the young generation—to think these things over. It is reverence for the lives which shall succeed our own, it is realization of their spiritual capacities, it is ardent hope and trust that these capacities will be fulfilled—in a word, it is faith in humanity's own spiritual future, which keeps alive and makes fruitful the best traits and capabilities of human nature. Christian biography scarcely knows a saint whose strength and vigor and spiritual daring were not first cradled in a praying mother's arms.

Home making, then, far from being superseded, is as necessary as it has ever been in the past. The great problem confronting the woman of to-day, in the solution of which she will need the best thought and the fullest sympathy and co-operation of the man of to-day, is to find the way to carry it on in spite of all

the difficulties which modern economic conditions have occasioned. Perhaps what we need first of all is to inspire a greater zest for it, to inspire the women of our generation with the conviction that housekeeping is worth while.

Every robust nature demands scope for self-expression. Ibsen's heroine, Nora, has the sympathy of the reader when she slams the door of what was only a doll's house, not the home of a loving and gifted woman. Woman as well as man insists, and insists rightly, upon a sphere in which to exhibit individuality. The woman of King Lemuel's parable found this scope and sphere within the circle of the home. Every day had its distinctive opportunities, calling for the exercise of wisdom, foresight, and, above all, patience. There were things which ought to be done at once, or might better, perhaps, be postponed until the morrow; the questions of precedence and timeliness and order were brought to the mistress of the house for settlement. There were questions of method: Was the old way satisfactory? Was some new way more convenient? Again the mistress of the house must use her discretion

and decide. There was work of many sorts which could not well be delegated to subordinates: the cheerful and skilful doing of it inspired the servants with a similar desire to excel. All the emergencies of the quick, industrious hours were so many opportunities for wise and fine solutions. And the various details were not separable and disjointed. They were integral parts of a beautiful and swiftly moving whole.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Much of the home maker's time is spent in the company of subordinates and dependents. Her servants and her children are looking to her constantly for guidance and direction. King Lemuel suggests in charmingly chosen words her attitude toward them: "In her tongue is the law of kindness." The word law has two meanings. In the ethical sense it means commandment. In the scientific sense the word means an unvarying method of procedure. King Lemuel is using the word law in what we may term the scientific sense. With the virtuous housewife of his parable, the law of kindness was invariable. Kindness

does not by any means mean an undue leniency or indulgence. Kindness is not inconsistent with sternness, even with severity. Kindness in King Lemuel's description means justice, and consideration, and above all, self-restraint. The woman in whose tongue is the law of kindness does not fret; she does not nag; she does not scold; she is not moody nor capricious; she does not indulge in the always dangerous luxury of self-pity. She knows that a capricious or self-centred mistress means a demoralized household, and can scarcely mean anything else than that. And so her rule is one of equity, and the calmness and dignity of the mistress are answered by the industry and the affectionate obedience of the servants and the children.

The last glimpse that King Lemuel affords us of this idyllic Eastern household discloses the tender and harmonious relations which obtain between his heroine and her husband. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . . She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." It was

well-earned praise, and it must have been praise exceedingly pleasant to hear. It is pleasant to remember that the words were not originally written on a tombstone. They were dedicated to a living woman, as an expression of esteem and affection. That is as it should be. If a man has the good fortune to live in a house where the wheels run smoothly, where things are done decently and in order, and where the law of kindness is in the tongue of the mistress of the household, then let him follow the example of King Lemuel and thank God with fervor, and his wife or mother with affection and appreciation. Let me say again, such a home is not a happy accident; it is the work of love and of loving labor. Let it be the work of appreciated labor. Let us not wait for death to bring home to us our loss, and then attempt belated compensation by inscribing upon the tombstone of the virtuous woman the words that should to-day be spoken into her living ears.

SERMON XII

PERSONAL RELIGION

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not."

I JOHN III: 1

IN THINKING about our religion, it is possible to view it from two quite different standpoints. We may view it from the standpoint of our personal needs. Or we may view it from the standpoint of the needs of society, the needs of the world at large.

If we view it from the former standpoint, that of our personal needs, Christianity appears as a way of deliverance from sin, a way of personal redemption. And, looking deeper, we see that at the heart of this redemption lies the mystery for which Passion Sunday stands, the mystery of atonement. Redemption means purchase, and purchase implies a price; it costs to deliver the soul of man from sin, and always and everywhere the cost is born by suffering love. The greatest of the Hebrew prophets, centuries before the event, depicted

this mystery in words so moving that we still use them to describe the Christian redemption. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

If we view our religion from the other standpoint, that of the needs of society, Christianity becomes the doctrine of the Kingdom. From this standpoint it is viewed as a code of ethics, a wise, sane, satisfying system of morals, in obeying which we should find deliverance from social ills which now endanger or afflict us. And, again looking deeper, we see that this social, collective, corporate deliverance is a vital part of the Christian program. It is true that Jesus set an absolute value upon the individual. One thinks of his contacts with individuals, with Simon Peter, with Mary of Bethany, with Lazarus, with Zaccheus, with Nicodemus, with the woman of Samaria who drew water at Jacob's well. Every human being who came to him with an open mind he

treated with the same great, grave, loving regard, as though one soul, no matter how humbly placed, how insignificant in the estimation of its neighbors, was of more worth to him than all created worlds. But it is no less true that the purpose of Jesus, while meeting and answering the needs of the individual, reached through the individual and embraced the "Beloved community" of which the individual was a member.

He taught his disciples, when they prayed, to say, Our Father, . . . Thy kingdom come in earth as it is in heaven. In the Sermon on the Mount, he envisaged a society leavened through and through with his doctrine, and exemplifying God's kingdom in its conduct. Most of his parables, though by no means all, are social parables. "To what," he begins, "shall I liken the kingdom of God?"—and then proceeds to tell what it is like. We read the New Testament with blinders, with narrow, selfish blinders, if we read it merely with reference to our personal needs, and with no thought of a world lying in darkness. No one can really be a Christian unless he is something of a missionary, unless his heart is attuned to

those chords of pity which were struck in the Saviour's heart when, looking out upon the multitude, he had compassion on them, because they were as sheep having no shepherd.

Now although these twin aims and purposes of Christianity, the social aim and the personal aim, are equally evident in the teachings of Jesus, they are by no means equally evident in the history of the Christian Church. On the contrary, there is a curious oscillation between them. There is a swing of the pendulum from the one emphasis to the other, instead of a gradual and normal unfolding of them both at once.

For example, in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, the pendulum swung strongly in the direction of individualism. A great revival of personal religion, commonly known as the Great Awakening, took place simultaneously in England and America. In both countries the hearts of men were stirred as they had not been since the early years of the Protestant Reformation. Multitudes were suddenly aroused as though by the trumpets of judgment, to a contemplation of the awful seriousness of human life. They realized that

within the narrow compass of the few and fleeting years which are given men to live upon this earth, the destinies of their souls were being decided, and their endless fates determined. Life, instead of a humdrum, happy-go-lucky, somewhat drab and insignificant affair, appeared to them a battle ground between angelic and infernal powers for the possession of their souls.

Thither the pendulum of religion swung, to an emphasis as just as it was tremendous. But there, for the time being, it stopped. Men asked the question of the gaoler of Philippi, "What shall I do to be saved?" They asked it with trembling, and sometimes in an agony of apprehension that all but drove them mad. But they did not ask Paul's nobler question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The emphasis upon the need of personal salvation was not accompanied by an equal emphasis upon the need of corporate salvation. War was not regarded then, as it is in Christian circles now, as an intolerable iniquity. Human slavery was accepted as an institution not to be challenged; and it was not challenged except by lonely prophets crying in the

wilderness, such as that heavenly-minded Quaker preacher and reformer, John Woolman. As for the treatment of social delinquents, Connecticut, in which the sermons of Wesley and Whitfield had free course, will serve as an example. The state prison was an abandoned copper mine in Simsbury. "On the sides in the niches of the cavern, platforms were built of boards for the prisoners, on which straw was placed for their beds. . . . A bell summoning [them] to work brought them up from the cavern . . . under the guard of armed soldiers. . . . On entering the smithy some went to the side of the forges, where collars dependent by iron chains from the roof were fastened around their necks. . . . The attendants delivered pickled pork to the prisoners for dinner at their forges, a piece for each thrown on the floor, and left to be washed and boiled in the water used for cooling the iron wrought at the forges."

During recent years, the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. The thought of the Christian world is not engrossed at the present time with the question of personal salvation. It is concentrated upon social sins and

the need of social reform. It is busy with social problems and readjustments, such as the establishment of better relations between capital and labor; the stamping out of the drink evil, the traffic in women, the traffic in narcotic drugs; the improving of housing conditions for the poor; the building and maintenance of hospitals; the spread of education; the abolition of child labor. Above all else, it is busy with the bettering of international relations, and with the plans which aim at the substitution of arbitration and conciliation in place of the resort to war. Social justice; social service; civic responsibility—these we hear much of, but not so much of personal religion; not so much of the inner light nor of the second birth; not so much of the call to a holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

Now it is scarcely necessary to say that this modern emphasis upon social salvation must not for one moment be disparaged or undervalued. It is a just and true emphasis, and it is sorely needed. We are fallen upon times when all the things which we know in the aggregate as Christian civilization are trem-

bling in the balances. Organized Christianity is aware of the fact, and fighting a good fight for things essential to its very existence. Our mistake is not that we nourish these social hopes, and fan the fires that they are kindling in men's hearts. Our mistake is only that we are again one-sided in our emphasis, and that, because we are one-sided, we are more or less unbalanced, and accordingly ineffective. Jesus preached the Kingdom of God. He came to earth to establish it. For it he suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; and the third day rose from the dead. But Jesus taught that the way to realize the Kingdom outwardly was through first realizing it inwardly. Upon the rock of personal religious experience, of personal realization and devotion, he built that social fabric, his universal Church. First, the redeemed individual, then the regenerated society—that is the inevitable order. First, the spirit of sonship in our souls, then the spirit of brotherhood in our institutions. We are powerless to achieve the social ends of the gospel unless and until we have made the personal preparation. You can't give what you

haven't got. You cannot face this modern world with creative purpose and creative power unless and until you yourselves are redeemed from sin, and reborn into holiness, and made a new creation in Christ Jesus.

We wait for that second birth, that new creation. We wait for it in every sphere of human eadeavor. We wait for it to give new power and distinction to our literature; to redeem our modern fiction from its monomania of absorption in sex problems; to redeem our modern poetry from anæmia; to redeem our modern music from cacophony; to redeem from meretriciousness our modern art. We wait for it in the field of economics, to redeem us from envy and hatred and bitter class antagonisms. We wait for it in the sphere of international relations, to save us from selfish outbursts of chauvinistic hopes and ambitions. But while we wait for this social salvation, in all its multitudinous variety, let us remember that God is waiting for us, that our part is to make ourselves a people prepared for the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of life. Our part is to make the personal preparation.

Personal experience of religion is the deepest fact in human life. That which lifts us above the level of the brute creation is not the possession of physical prowess. Unarmed man is a puny and defenseless creature when matched against wild beasts. Neither is it the possession of superior intelligence and shrewdness. That has given us our place of superiority, but it has not made us different in kind, but only in degree. It is not even the possession of moral standards. Many of the higher animals give evidence of possessing something of this sort, and of living up to it. With the ape in man disporting itself so freely in our fashions, with barnyard disregard of marital relationships and obligations, and with tigerish ferocity unleashed in war, we may well ask ourselves some searching questions as to our superiority in this respect. What does make the eternal and everlasting difference between man and the beasts is his possession of soul, and nothing else, and that means personal religion. Man's awe and wonder and prostration of spirit before the Holy; his realization of the wrath of God against sin; his consciousness of need of salvation from

sin, and of communion of spirit with the Eternal who has cleansed him and restored him and made him fit for that glorious and awful fellowship—that is what invests our common human life with mystery and grandeur. Man's chief end, the purpose for which he was created, is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.

Religion, then, is a larger term than ethics, though ethics is the scheme through which it ordinarily finds expression, and the will to goodness is essential to its health and soundness. But religion is more than that. It is communion. It is sonship. The paths to it are as various as men's temperaments, training, and dispositions; but they are all converging paths. Some will be led by the paths of the lover of nature into the groves which were God's first temples, to hear His voice through earth's thousand voices, and to receive His blessing there. Some will go the Bible reader's way—search the Scriptures, and the pages of Christian history, to read the revelation which He has made there of His will. Some will take the sacramental way and find awareness of His Presence at the altar. Some will

take the way of the mystics, and entering into their closets and shutting every door of outward sense, commune with Him in their own spirits, and be still. And some, sympathetic with all ways of finding Him, will travel happily first one path and then another, always seeking, and always finding Whom they seek. But that seeking and that finding constitute the ultimate blessedness that life can offer, a blessedness unlike all others in kind as well as in degree. It is the ultimate crown and grace of that which makes us man.

SERMON XIII

EXCEPT YE BE CONVERTED

"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

ST. MATTHEW XVIII: 2, 3

THIS text is part of the Gospel appointed for the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. It was a happy thought on the part of those who long ago selected it, to bring children and angels into this exquisite proximity, because there is something angelic about childhood. There is innocence; there is truthfulness; there is freedom from self-consciousness; all of them attributes of the angelic order. Children are not like angels in all respects, by any manner of means. Harassed parents give us to understand that at times they act more like little demons. But childhood at its best does possess the attributes that I have mentioned. No one can look into the clear eyes of a little child, eyes innocent of evil and not made hard by worldly wisdom without recognizing them,

and without being glad that our Saviour bestowed on them this praise.

But there is more than praise for childhood in his words. There is rebuke for the unchild-like: the words have a sharp edge of warning: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." What gives the warning an almost startling significance is the character of the persons to whom the words were addressed. They were not addressed to heathen people, such as the Greeks and Romans in Judea. They were not addressed to unfriendly people, like the Pharisees. They were not addressed to especially sinful people, like the woman taken in adultery. The words were spoken by Christ to his own disciples. They were spoken to the men who had been with him from the very beginning of his ministry, the men who had left all and followed him. And now, at the very close of his ministry, he tells them that they need to be converted. In the last days of his earthly life, with the shadow of Calvary already lengthening across his path, he finds his disciples disputing as to which of them shall be greatest in the kingdom of

heaven, and he takes a little child, and sets him in the midst of them, and tells them that unless they get quite away from that state of mind, unless they get rid of their strife and self seeking and personal ambition and become as humble and as unassuming and as free from self-consciousness as that little child, they cannot cross the threshold of his kingdom.

"Except *ye* be converted"—and this from Christ to his own disciples! To one of them, Simon Peter, he said the same thing later on in a more specific way. "*When* thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." What does our Lord mean when he uses this word? The connection shows that he means more than is ordinarily supposed. He means more than Christian discipleship, for it was to his disciples that he was speaking. He means more than belief, or even love, for with the exception of Judas Iscariot these men all believed in Jesus, and they loved him with all their hearts. He means something more. He means, as the word implies, a turning round. He means some revolutionary change in thought and character. He means something which at the time the disciples had not experienced, but

which, later on, after his death and resurrection, they did.

That is where one must look to find the significance of the word. One must look at the experience of the disciples later on, after the resurrection. That supreme event, that revelation of the divine and deathless Christ, the bringer of God to men, shook them to the very centre of their being. It wrought in them a change so startling and entire that it was like a moral earthquake, shifting the centre of gravity for consciousness. They loved the human Christ, the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, the doer of so many gracious deeds of service, but discipleship to him did not convert them. It was the divine Christ, the risen Christ, the Lord of glory, who converted them, who snatched them out of self and set their lives swinging in the grand orbit of his will. Nothing is more evident than that the men of whom one reads in the Acts of the Apostles had undergone a revolutionary spiritual experience. They were the same men as in the Gospels, the same, and yet different. The self seeking has disappeared; we find them in honor preferring one another. The fear

and weakness which forsook Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane and denied him in the judgment hall have disappeared: these men are now absolutely fearless; they glory in shame and persecution suffered for the sake of Christ. What has happened is a turning round, a shifting of the centre of consciousness. They are not thinking of themselves any longer. Their consciousness is not centred in self. They are thinking only of him who loved them and who gave himself for them; they are converted men.

That is what conversion means for the Christian. It means, as the word implies, a turning round. It means a complete change in the orientation of character. To borrow a figure from astronomy, it means that the planet of personality ceases to swing about self as a central sun, because it suddenly finds itself drawn by a tremendous gravitation into a new and different orbit. Self ceases to be the centre of the universe for the converted man. God in Christ becomes the centre for him. The will of God, revealed in Jesus Christ, is the great, new, triumphant orbit in which the con-

verted soul wings, set free at last, and entering with joy into its destiny.

Perhaps we shall reach a better understanding of the significance of it all if we think for a moment of parallels to it in other fields of human experience. It is not only religion which demands conversion. In science, in art, in every field in which the spirit seeks expression, the same demand is made, the same condition must be met. The true scientist must be a converted man. He must be converted from sloth, converted from self seeking and personal ambition, converted from pride of opinion. Like a little child he must sit at nature's feet, and in all humility receive instruction. Among the most fascinating of modern biographies are those of the two greatest modern scientists, Charles Darwin and Louis Pasteur. We see them in youth beginning to exercise their powers of observation. We watch them as the years go by, more and more unselfish, more and more engrossed in their vocation, caring very little for public recognition of the value of their labors, although such recognition comes to them in overflowing measure—caring everything that the truths of

science shall be ascertained and made known. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." These converts of science brought to their brethren immeasurable accessions of knowledge and of power. When they died, noble and beloved, in the grand maturity of their powers, it was as though Nature had taken their completed lives, and used them as her mouthpiece, and through them spoken to intelligent men and women throughout the world words which have revolutionized their thought.

So it is all along the line. Wherever life attains new degrees of fruitfulness, of nobility, or of generosity, there has been some process of conversion. God gives our lives into our keeping and then says to each one of us, Find new and grander orbits for your life. He says it to the husband and the father, and the husband and father seeks it in the more generous orbit of the family. He says it to the patriot, and the patriot puts aside self seeking, and personal advantage, and serves his native land disinterestedly, as William of Orange served the Netherlands, as Washington and Lincoln and a host of less

renowned patriots have served these United States. The scientist forgets himself, loses himself in the great truths and principles of science, and strengthens his brethren by his investigations and discoveries. The artist forgets himself, and strengthens his brethren by the expressions of immortal beauty which come from his poet's pen or sculptor's chisel or painter's brush. We read in the Old Testament that when Moses came down from Mount Sinai "he wist not that the skin of his face shone." That serene unconsciousness of self is evident in all the men and women who have turned about, converted from selfishness to service. Of the builder of the Parthenon, of the sculptor of the Winged Victory, of the unknown author of the Book of Job, of the heroes of every land and saints of all religion, the same forgetfulness of self may be predicated. They are unconscious of their own generosity. They know not that their faces shine.

So we come to the greatest and most typical of all the conversions, the conversion to Christ's religion. We hear too little of it nowadays.

We too little realize the need. There was a time, in our own country, when definite demand was made by the churches that those who called themselves Christians should undergo a very definite type of religious experience. There had to be a definite conviction of sin. There had to be a definite realization of the slavery and degradation into which sin has plunged our fallen human nature. There had to be belief that the cross and the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary is the God-appointed remedy for sin, and there had to be personal appropriation of that divine love: the man had to claim for himself, appropriate to himself, take to himself as a transforming energy this divine grace, and in the strength of it begin life anew. That was what conversion meant in a former generation. No man or woman who had not passed through that catastrophic experience dared, in those old days, to call himself a Christian.

We know more now than men did then about the psychology of religion. We know enough to realize that Puritanism went astray in too narrowly defining and too closely limiting the

manner of men's approach to God. Natures and temperaments differ. That difference is not to be regretted. Just as in the physical world, so in the spiritual, variety should be not only tolerated but prized. To some men and women religion will always come as it did to St. Paul in the way described above, after long doubt and pain, after great storm and stress, in blinding revelation, smiting the soul to its knees with sudden light. But to others, and this, perhaps, is the more normal experience—to others conversion will come more gradually, more quietly, by slow gradations, by almost imperceptible stages, as life, with its manifold experience, slowly awakens them to full consciousness of man's utter need of God, man's utter and eternal need of God. What difference does it make how conversion comes? What difference does it make by what paths men find their way into that great resting place of trust and peace, that overshadowing of the wings of the Most High? But, my dear friends, what does matter, and matter beyond the power of words to express, is that in some way or other, by some path or

other, we shall find it. "Except we be converted, and become as little children, we shall not enter into the kingdom." Our lives will move in shadow and in ever deepening darkness until they find their centre in that Light of Light.

The one hope of a good future for our humanity, the one hope of any compensation for these years of bitter misery, is that men shall be converted by them to the faith and the religion of Jesus Christ. The world is full of his nominal disciples. Besides them, there are hosts of men who have no use for the Church and who are wholly out of touch with organized religion, but have in their heart of hearts a secret reverence for the Master. The men who are doing the hard and rough work of the world remember his early years of manual toil, and their hearts go out to him as to a fellow workman. The poor, the oppressed, the unprivileged, the sick and the afflicted, remember his pity and long for help like his. The scholars, the scientists, revere him for his inflexible truthfulness. The young revere him for his spiritual audacity,

for his high vision and his shining valor. And every woman worthy of the name remembers that it was the Son of Mary who lifted womanhood to the position that it holds to-day in all the Christian world.

If these people are out of touch with organized religion, as so many of them are, let organized religion win them back by converting them. Let it do so by preaching Christ to them, the divine Christ, the mystical Christ, the Christ whose name and person have infinite and sacramental meanings. The Christ of social service is not enough. The Christ of the Golden Rule is not enough. Men's souls are hungering for the infinite: it is Godhead coming near and stooping down and bringing pardon and atonement and life-renewing grace —it is that Christ of glory who must work the miracle of conversion in their stained hearts and troubled minds. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." When we are converted, we shall be able to strengthen our brethren. We shall not be in ignorance of the thing that has happened to us. We shall know it, as the disciples did, by a freedom such

as our cramped and fettered consciousness can at present scarcely dream of. We shall know it by an inner strength, by an ability to help other people, which brings the greatest happiness that human life can know.

SERMON XIV

IN HIM IS THE YEA

"For the Son of God, Jesus Christ . . . was not yea and nay, but in him is yea. For how many soever be the promises of God, in him is the yea: through him is the Amen."

II CORINTHIANS I: 19, 20

YEA and nay indicates a divided purpose. If a man is yea and nay, if, that is, he says yes and no at the same time, one of three things is probably true of him. He may be in a state of doubt and uncertainty, balancing one thing against another, weighing pros and cons. Or he may be fickle and capricious, continually changing his mind. Or he may be in the distracted state of trying to do contradictory things, trying to follow courses of action which are alternatives, and mutually exclusive. That is a disastrous condition.

Take first the case where yea and nay indicates a state of doubt and uncertainty. When that state is unduly prolonged, it issues in chronic irresolution. In literature, the classic example is Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Rob-

ert Browning depicts it in "The Statue and the Bust." The sin he imputes

> to each frustrate ghost
> Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,

in other words, their inability to make up their minds and to act accordingly. In hospitals for the treatment of nervous disorders there are any number of patients who are there because chronic irresolution has resulted in nervous breakdown. Aboulia is the technical name for the symptom. For that matter, there are plenty of people not in hospitals who are suffering from aboulia. They can't make up their minds to get up in time for breakfast; they don't know what to order for dinner; they are undecided as to whether they should keep or return articles submitted on approval from the shops. They are yea and nay in these minor matters, and their business or their housekeeping suffers accordingly. And then there are other people whose nerves are strong and whose physical health is robust, people who begin the day with an alarm clock and setting-up exercises and a cold bath, and who know exactly what they want for dinner, but who

are yea and nay in higher regions of thought and effort, yea and nay because they are intellectually indolent, or yea and nay because they are morally undetermined. They shilly-shally in politics. They are for international co-operation, and yet at the same time against a single step leading to it, such as American adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice. They shilly-shally in religion. They try to serve both God and Mammon. They go to church, sing hymns, repeat the creeds, and nominally accept the Christian religion, but when it comes to any difficult or unpopular application of the Christian religion, such as loving their enemies, or living without worldliness, they are yea and nay, on the fence, very much undecided. In sharp contrast with all of this, all this doubt, all this uncertainty, all this irresolution, all this indecision, St. Paul sets the fortresslike strength of a life wholly devoted, based and grounded on certitude as on a living rock. "I know whom I have believed." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." "In him is yea."

In the second place, yea and nay may indi-

cate caprice and fickleness. There are yea-and-nay men who are such not because they are undecided, but because they are constantly changing their minds, continually altering their decisions. They are men whose words and actions are the expression of changing moods, not of unalterable convictions. They make promises lightly, to produce a pleasant impression, and then break them with equal levity. They are like politicians with their ears to the ground, ready to anticipate demands, and to promise what they do not intend to perform. That is the primary meaning of the phrase in the connection in which St. Paul uses it. He had been accused by the Corinthians of being capricious. He had promised to come and see them, and he had not done so. The Apostle admits the fact, but he indignantly denies the reason imputed. He had not gone to Corinth, but it was because he had been unable to do so, not because he had failed to make the effort. He argues that he could not be that sort of yea-and-nay man because he is a follower of Christ, and the follower of Christ is incapable of moral levity. The follower of Christ is free from all

selfish and personal wishes. Being so, he moves strongly and positively, in directions appointed for him by his Master. "For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, was not yea and nay, but in him is yea."

But then, yea and nay may also indicate disorder far more profound than these instances which have been cited. The indecision, the irresolution, the caprice, the fickleness, may be, and often are, symptomatic. They may indicate a confusion of thought, a division of purpose, which go to the very foundation of the moral nature, and which split apart, and in extreme instances shiver into fragments, its essential integrity. Plato had that dark possibility in mind when he said that every man had a mob within himself. Psychology confirms it with strange stories of disintegrations of personality. You remember, too, the pathetic reply of the Gadarene demoniac to the question of Jesus, What is thy name? "He saith unto him, my name is Legion, for we are many." The man did not know what he was. All he knew was the misery of being tossed about and carried hither and yon at

the pleasure of a thousand wild and uncoordinated impulses.

That, of course, is an extreme example; that is yea and nay carried to the point where the voice of conscience is stilled and reason has abdicated the throne. Indecision is not often carried to such lengths as these. But it is often carried to a point indicated in a sombre and yet magnificent saying of the philosopher Lamennais: "Do you know," he writes, "what it is which makes man the most suffering of all creatures? It is that he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that he is torn asunder, not by four horses, as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds." I think that these words of the French philosopher go immeasurably deep in probing into the causes of restlessness and unhappiness which are so widespread and so characteristic of human consciousness. People are miserable because they have one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite. They are miserable because they are torn asunder between two worlds. Conscience, which is the voice of God within the soul, tells them that they are spiritual beings, born not of blood,

nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God; that the abyss which separates men and women from the brute creation is a cleavage as of eternity; that life and thought must be sublime that have meaning and significance so tremendous. And then appetite, impulse, passion, inertia come thronging into consciousness, lowering thought, and bringing strong temptation, and again it is yea and nay and a divided mind. Paul knew that dilemma from personal experience. "The good that I would I do not," he writes, "but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. . . . O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

If that is a fair description of the confusion of thought and the division of purpose which exist in many minds, it is also an account of the cause of this division and confusion, and an indication of the way of escape. "The Son of God, Jesus Christ, was not yea and nay, but in him is yea. For how many soever be the promises of God, in him is the yea, . . . through him is the Amen." The Christian re-

ligion is greater than its Scriptures, greater than its creeds, greater than its sacraments, greater than any of its institutions. "In him is the yea: through him is the Amen!" The Christian religion has as its centre and circumference, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He is, to us, the world of the spirit, that infinite world in which, to quote Lamennais again, man has one foot planted. Then, to attain moral equilibrium, to end yea and nay, to stop the misery of being torn asunder between two worlds, there must be either a going forward or a going back. There must be either a progress toward Christ, a more full acceptance of him, the entering into a more vital union with him, or there must be a more definite rejection of him, a more complete break of the mind and heart with him and with the things for which he stands, a break so thorough as to leave life undistracted by the heavenly beckonings which he has introduced. No other course is possible. "He that is not for me is against me." The soul must meet him with yea or nay.

Let us deal first with the darker possibility, that of receding from Christ, that of ending

suspense and confusion by a downright rejection of Christianity and its claims. It is quite easy to see how this step may be taken. The first step would be to deny that Jesus is in any unique, unparalleled and sovereign way the Son of God, to deny, that is, the transcendental, the given element in the Christian religion. It would be to deny on *a priori* grounds the possibility of incarnation, the possibility of a self-revelation of the eternal God in terms of human life. Then would come the attempt to account for Christ, for his life, his doctrine, his example, his effect upon history, upon a merely human basis, leaving a divine revelation out of account. There are difficulties in the way of this. It is hard to see how one could write a very convincing life of Christ, explaining the influence of that life upon all human thought, and yet leave out of it his birth, his resurrection, and the wonderful works of grace and of compassion which surround the life depicted in the Gospels with an aureole of glory. I remember as a boy hearing Phillips Brooks say that the wonder of Christ's coming is not that miracles accompanied it; the wonder rather would have been

if with the coming of that pure and heaven-born personality there had been no miracles, no outward and visible indication that God was inaugurating a new epoch in the life of man. As another modern preacher has expressed it, "Nature may have been timed to strike the alarm of miracles at the appointed hour of Christ's coming." But if nay is to be said to Christianity, it must first be said to the supernatural elements in it. It must be nay to Jesus as uniquely Son of God.

Having denied to Jesus his uniqueness, his divine authority, the next step of negation would be to question his wisdom, the value of his guidance in practical affairs. That is not difficult when a man has taken the preliminary step. Renan speaks of him indulgently as a gentle Galilean dreamer, but questions his sagacity. Many men who call themselves Christian question the competence of Christ to deal with public matters, such as the organization of business, or of international affairs, and try to confine religion to the sphere of personal experience. They believe that Christian idealism as applied to business or to international affairs is impracticable. What

they want, they say, is the simple gospel, though what they mean by the simple gospel, Heaven only knows! Certainly not the gospel preached by Jesus Christ, in which the Kingdom of God was central. Brush aside Christ's social gospel, brush aside his hope, his will, his living, conquering purpose for a Kingdom of God on earth, embracing all human life and every human interest and every human relationship in its magnificent, loving sweep and compass—brush that aside and you brush aside with it all our social hopes. Without it there is no peace in sight for the world, nor any safety. Rather, with modern implements of warfare increasing daily in destructiveness, there is the opening of a bottomless pit before us. It is not an alarmist or a pessimist, but so wise and tried a statesman as Viscount Grey who tells us that Europe to-day is on the verge of that abyss.

But the loss would be personal as well as social. In giving up Christ, in drawing back from him, in ending this yea and nay of suspense by resorting to the everlasting nay, a man would have to think of the thing in terms of his own soul. What does God mean to

us, apart from Jesus Christ? What do we know of Him, of His love for us, of His long-suffering patience, of His gracious and redemptive purpose—what do we know of any of these things except as Christ discloses them? No man cometh unto the Father, or unto the idea of fatherhood in God, but by him. There would be left, no doubt, a vague theism. There would be left the scientific demand for a great first cause, for science is no longer materialistic. The newer sciences are aware of a "givenness" in things (von Hügel's phrase)—they are aware of all-pervading, all-controlling creative energy. The man who relinquishes Christ might still have that belief, but, my friends, it would be cold comfort to him! It is not God evidenced as Power in Nature, it is not God postulated as Cause in philosophy; it is God revealed as love in Jesus that satisfies and that alone satisfies our souls.

With the receding from Christ, there would also go the thought of Saviourhood so infinitely and so blessedly associated with his name. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The greatest problem of ethics is the reconciliation of for-

giveness with law. The Greeks wrestled with that problem. They had absolutely no solution to offer. "It may be," said one of them, "that the gods can forgive sin, but I do not know how." Not knowing how, they disbelieved the fact. Instead of forgiveness there was Nemesis. Instead of pardon and reconciliation there were the three furies pursuing the transgressor through hell with the scorpions of an everlasting memory, remorse and shame. Do you know what science is doing for us to-day? It is bringing back those furies. It is demonstrating that memory carries stored within us all our past, that every act and thought scores in it an eternal record. Memory is organic. It is a part of our embodiment. The human brain is "God's register of the deeds done in the body." Sin, then, is an organic part of ourselves. It has entered into the life of the soul. Our nature carries its scar. Can it be forgiven? There is but one answer to that question. There is the Christian account of a divine life entering into the world, grappling with sin, appropriating it, bearing it, conquering it in the sublimest, most mysterious scene on earth, the mystery of Jesus' aton-

ing passion. It is this that has so brought victory to men that they may count it as their victory, that they may say with Paul, "There is now no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus," that they may see, with Bunyan's Pilgrim, the intolerable burden loosed from their shoulders, and falling away from them, as they stand in penitence before the Cross. No theology of man, no man-made attempt at explanation, has ever yet gauged the meaning of that fact, but the fact remains, the fact of sin forgiven. To be found in Christ, to be accepted as righteous and justified by faith in Christ, remains the essence of the Christian gospel. And to leave Christ is to sink back into a world where not mercy but judgment only, not atoning love, but Nemesis, prevails.

One word more in this connection. Without belief in Christ, and in the things that he brings with him into our consciousness, what real hope is left of personal immortality? Is the laughter of childhood false to the heart of things? Is the happiness that we know here, which consists so largely in loving human relatedness, an exquisite mockery designed in the

end to make us more conscious of misery when comes the time of parting as in the end it will inevitably come? Belief has its difficulties, God knows, but unbelief has its greater difficulties. We are not so constituted that we cannot without protest accept this negation that unbelief in Christ would bring into our lives. We cannot let it take out of them all the poetry, all the sweet hints of far and unfathomable meaning and hope and promise which peal like bells from his gospel and wake echoes in our longing hearts. Browning is right in Bishop Blougram's Apology. We could not rest in such negation. We could not find repose or satisfaction in that everlasting nay.

> Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A Chorus-ending from Euripides,—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul.

"For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea: . . . through Him is the Amen." There is a better way out of the

state of yea and nay than the negative way, the way of rejection. There is the way of full acceptance. There is the possibility of a more full belief in Christ, a deeper love for him, than our lives have known heretofore. Deep in every human heart are latent possibilities of a loyalty to Christ and a devotion to him like that of his saints and heroes of ancient days. It was this devotion which made them what they were. Only heaven can measure what it would mean in our lives if we were to give ourselves without reservation to the Christ of God. He is our Life, our Strength, our Peace; his coming more fully into our consciousness would establish there forever God's everlasting Yea.

SERMON XV

THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS

"And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: For he shall save his people from their sins."

ST. MATTHEW 1: 21

We shall come to the heart of what this blessed season stands for if we take as the text of it the words recorded in the Gospel for the Sunday after Christmas: "Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." The birthday of Christ has wider meanings even than this. Charles Wesley was aware of them when he wrote the Christmas hymn which has been mutilated by well-intentioned efforts to improve it:

Hark! how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of kings!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

The welkin, the very vault of heaven, rings with the significance of the Redeemer's coming, and universal nature has part in the redemption. Not man alone, but the entire creation, groaning and travailing together in expectation and the pangs of birth, finds meaning and justification and fulfilment in the coming of the Second Adam, the uncreated and eternal Lord of all created life.

And so we think of three epochs in the drama of life as it has unfolded upon this planet. The first is the epoch of its creation. There was a time when the world as we now know it was not in existence. There was an indefinitely extended time of beginnings, so remote in the past that in comparison the dawn fish, in the discovery of which scientific circles are just now so greatly interested, may be regarded as a recent arrival. In the words of Hebrew prophecy, there was a day when God said, Let light be, and light was; a day when He laid the foundations of the earth, and the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Now physical science is greatly and properly concerned with this first epoch. It is

the task of physical science to think God's thoughts after Him, and with a freedom, a fearlessness, and a love of truth which He Himself inspires, to pursue devotedly its great and legitimate inquiry. It is its task to sweep the heavens with its telescope; to turn its microscope upon the infinitely little; and to read in the awful distances of interstellar space, in the æonic periods of geological time, and in the enthralling records which man and nature carry graven in their very substance, God's own account of how He brought them into being.

When we so understand the task of science, we see at once that there is no real reason and no justification for what is often spoken of as the warfare between science and religion. When disputes and differences do arise, it can only be because of misunderstandings or encroachments on the one side or the other. When the so-called fundamentalist tries to hold the hand of science, to limit the field of its inquiry, or to stretch it upon some bed of Procustes, such as his untenable and unscriptural theory of the verbal infallibility of the Bible, then he is a trespasser: he has

gone beyond the province of religion. For religion is not concerned with the manner in which the Architect of the material world laid the foundations of it and built it up into order and significance and beauty. That is the concern of science. What religion is concerned with is the underlying cause, the spiritual origin, the eternal substance of which all external phenomena are only shadows and reflections. The business of religion is with principles: with the doctrine of creation, with the doctrine of divine personality, with the nature and the name of the life-giving energy revealed in nature, that Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness. The task of religion is to ascertain His character, His purpose, the possibilities of fellowship with Him and the conditions of such fellowship; and beyond these, the destiny of man and of nature, their goal.

On the other hand, when the scientist, falsely so-called, tries to hold the hand of religion, when in the name of science arrogant and imperfectly educated materialists try to do away with these great and normal inquiries and interests of religion, and when, because their

own prejudiced minds and darkened hearts cannot perceive Him, they dare to deny the existence of God and dare to sow their lamentable infidelity in the minds and hearts of the young, then they, too, are trespassers, and far more dangerous and destructive trespassers than the most benighted fundamentalists. For they have encroached upon a domain of human thought and purpose and emotion where they are less competent than little children to guide, to teach, or to assert; since it is written of little children that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father. Moreover, they are disloyal to the essential spirit of that science in the name of which they pronounce their denials and utter their negations, for they are guilty of *a priori* reasoning from materialistic assumptions, and that is not scientific. True science is aware of its natural and inevitable limitations. It knows that although it cannot by searching find out God, that is not because God does not exist, but only because His existence cannot be ascertained by this particular method of inquiry, any more than the mystery of the life of a living organism can be ascertained

by a dissecting scalpel; or a mother's love for her newborn babe explained by a gynecologist. And so, where the things which affect and concern man's spiritual nature are involved, true science is reverent, humble, receptive, and open-minded. It is ready to sit like a little child at the feet of reality, and with childlike humility to learn all that reality can teach.

The second epoch in this drama of unfolding life is the epoch of the creation of man. Stated in terms of science, there was a critical period in the age-long processes of evolution when variations in intelligence came to be worth more than variations in hardness, strength, and bulk; a day when man stood forth as the final form of creation, the goal of nature's physical processes of change. Stated in terms of religion, God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of a new life; and man became a living soul.

Now it is the glory of the religion of the Hebrews that it gave this doctrine of creation to the world. In splendid contrast to the despairing and unmoral pantheism of the East, and to the cheerful but equally unmoral anthropomorphism of Greece and Rome, stands

the religion of the prophets of Israel, and in it the words of Christ find vindication, that salvation is of the Jews. The prophets of Israel believed in one living and true God, almighty and all-holy, Who had called man to moral likeness to Himself, and Who, moved by eternal love and pity, entered into covenant relationship with His people upon condition of their acceptance of His grace and of His law. And it was and is still the glory of Judaism that through centuries of suffering and embitterment, through pain and humiliation of body and mind such as no other race on earth has undergone and survived, the Jews have been true to the faith of their fathers in respect of these cardinal articles of their creed: the unity of God, the holiness of His character, the supreme good of fellowship with Him, and the way of such fellowship through acceptance of His covenant of grace and laws.

It is well to remind ourselves of these facts at the present time, for there is need. In its ethical emphases, in its insistence upon the austere holiness of One Who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity and will by no means clear the guilty, in its picture of the awful

and devastating wrath of God against oppression, against cruelty, against hypocrisy, against all foulness of mind or of heart, the religion of the Old Testament is as much needed to-day, and by our so-called Christian civilization, as it was ever needed in any pagan past. For nowadays religion is inclined to read the New Testament with blinders, and to forget that, whatever else and more he was, our Lord was in the first instance the last and greatest of the Hebrew prophets, and that he himself declared that he came not to destroy the law or the prophets but to fulfil them. Nowadays religion is inclined to leave out of account hard sayings of his in respect to the moral law, that it is better for a man to cut off his right hand or to pluck out his offending eye than to expose himself by his offenses to the judgments of God and be cast into hell fire; that it would be better for some men if they had not been born; that it would be better for others to have millstones hanged about their necks and be drowned in the depths of the sea than to cause one of the little ones who believe in Christ to stumble. What a warning there for infidel professors! Most terri-

ble of all stands our Lord's description of the Last Judgment, and the penalties and retributions which he foretells for selfishness, complacency, and hardness of heart. To those who do not see him hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and in prison in the person of the least of his brethren, it is no excuse that they fail to recognize him. Then shall the King say, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels; and they shall go away into everlasting punishment.

"In prison, and ye visited me not." I wonder whether there is any field in which the Christian conscience is so lethargic, so in need of being startled, perhaps even terrified into activity, as in this neglected field of penology. From the viewpoint of Christian ethics, punishment is not vindictive, but finds its justification either in the reformation of the offender, or in the protection of society, or both. In the ordinary treatment of offenders neither of these great ends is truly served, and in some instances the disregard of them is so flagrant as to constitute an indictment against the society which tolerates it. When I hear a man deploring the "sickly sentimentalism" that

seeks to ameliorate the lot of the convicted criminal, and intimating that in his judgment the best way to deal with the wave of crime would be to make prison a hell on earth for the man who is caught and convicted, then is borne in upon my mind that I am listening to the utterance of a lost soul, a man who, when he stands at last before the judgment seat of Christ, will be calling upon rocks and mountains to bury him and obliterate his personality, before he goes to his eternal doom.

But this is the season of Christmas, not of Advent, and although we shall do well if we take to heart these darker aspects of our religion, we shall dare to do it, and we shall gain by doing it, only because Christmas and what it represents has opened to us and to all men, to the most guilty, to the most wretched, to the most miserably conscious of moral defilement and degradation, to the most dead in trespasses and sins—to all the birth of Christ has opened a wide-flung door, and an unutterably happy and confident expectation. For in Christ Jesus a new force entered the world, strong enough to cope with sin in its most dreadful aspects and most ty-

rannical power, and that divine and redemptive force has been placed perfectly and without reserve at our disposal.

> Did we in our own strength confide.
> Our striving would be losing;
> Were not the right man on our side,
> The man of God's own choosing:
> Dost ask who that may be?
> Christ Jesus, it is he;
> Lord Sabaoth His Name,
> From age to age the same,
> And He must win the battle.

The name Jesus means saviour. Its Hebrew equivalent is the name Joshua. The birth of Jesus was in an Hebraic setting: He was born of a young Jewish mother, born of the seed of Abraham, born the son of David in David's city, Bethlehem. He was born in fulfilment and vindication of Hebrew prophecy, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Star that should come out of Jacob, the Sceptre that should rise out of Israel, the Anointed One whose name should be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace. In all the range

and gamut of human experience there is nothing more appealing, nothing more inspiring than the steadfastness with which the hope of their Messiah burned in the breasts of the people of Christ's race; nor is there anything more tragic than the verdict of the Jewish author of the Fourth Gospel, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." None the less, in this Hebraic background and setting, in these Jewish surroundings, in this embosoming of the Messianic expectation, we have what, now of all times, we could ill afford to lose. We have the Jesus of history. We have our answer to those who assert that the content of the Christian faith is all that matters, and that the historic bases of it are of little or no importance. Remove the historic bases of our faith, take away from us the Jesus who was born in a limestone cave in Bethlehem, preached his blessed Gospel in the synagogue at Capernaum and by the waters of Lake Galilee, called fishermen and tax collectors to be his disciples, went about the countryside healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out devils, and making friends of publicans and sinners; wept over Jerusalem

as he viewed it from Mount Olivet, then set his face to go to Jerusalem and to suffer there a prophet's fate; was scourged with Roman rods in Pilate's judgment hall, and crucified between two malefactors on a green hill outside of the city; was buried in Joseph of Arimathea's tomb wherein never man before was laid; and the third day rose again from the dead, triumphant over death and hell;—take away from us this historic Jesus, and with it would vanish into thin air all that most makes life worth the living, and human love and relationships, most sacred, and death a terror to be overcome, and eternity a thing to be desired. It is not to a solar myth that we look for our soul's salvation! It is to him who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man.

"Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." Still we need to call him Saviour, and to wait on him for our redemption. There are no other terms upon which human life can attain its full dignity, and tenderness, and sweetness,

and courageous hope, but by acceptance of his Gospel and submission to his will. Culture will not save us. It makes us interesting, but it does not make us good. Science will not save us from our sins. It makes us powerful, able to dominate the physical universe, able to fly like birds, to cleave the depths of the ocean, or to send a whisper over a thousand miles of trackless space, but it does not make us gentle; it does not give us self-control; it cannot make us kind. Only Christ can save us. Only his saving love, his redeeming pity, manifested in us, and then manifested through us, can reconcile distracted men to one another and to their universal Father, and turn such things as this good and noble peace of Locarno into the yet dearer and more enduring peace of God. Christmas is full of superficial happiness, and that happiness is in itself a precious witness to the grace bestowed upon the world in its Redeemer. No other anniversary is associated with so much happiness. No other birthday is kept by the whole world. Men who care little or nothing about the deeper things of which I have been speaking have been exchanging with one an-

other their cheery Christmas greetings. Children are frolicking about a thousand Christmas trees. But for us who are older, and in whose thoughts the tears of things, the tragic aspects of our common human life, have found a place through personal experience or through sympathy—for us Christmas must mean more or less than this. It must mean all or nothing.

Let it mean all things to us! Let us get beneath the superficial happiness of it, the easy and festive kindness of it, to the solemn and eternal grandeur. The world may be shrouded in darkness, but it is not any longer shrouded in the darkness of ignorance. Its darkness is not of those who have not seen, but of those who, having seen, have turned their backs and chosen darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. The Light, for all their disobedience, is still shining. The saving will, the passion of fraternity that came into the world with Jesus Christ, is still the ultimate strength, the one redeeming power. Sooner or later it will come into its own. Sooner or later, the people who name the name of Christ will depart from iniquity and let that true light

shine in their hearts, and thence be manifested in the common life, the public will of man. When that time comes, we shall know the full meaning of Christmas. We shall know the secret of the Name that is above every name, and at which every knee shall bow.

SERMON XVI

CHRIST'S CARE FOR THE FRAGMENTS

"When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

ST. JOHN VI: 12

IN THE story of the feeding of the five thousand, one of the most striking features is the note of conservation. After Jesus had wonderfully fed the great multitude from the small stock of provisions, his final word to his disciples was one of economy. "Gather up the fragments that remain," he said, "that nothing be lost."

"That nothing be lost!" It seems to me that this simple, homely word of caution is one of the most significant to be found in the Gospel, and that in a way it is a symbolic representation of the very nature of Christ's ministry. He was always caring for the fragments. His ministry was in the fullest and holiest sense a mission of conservation. What men were undervaluing, wasting, rejecting, throwing out upon the refuse heap of their

contempt, he was forever revaluing, restoring, reinstating and ascribing worth to. There was no place for waste in the economy of his kingdom. There was no room for contempt.

The contrast between his attitude and our own is sometimes rather startling. Last week a woman said to me: "Do you really think that war is such a dreadful thing, after all? Isn't an occasional blood letting nature's way of getting relief from this dreadful overcrowding? Just look at that mass of human rubbish parading in the streets: it has to be kept down in some way or the rest of us will all be smothered." It would have been easy, of course, to meet this aristocratically minded dame upon her own ground, and to turn her own argument against her. War does the precise opposite to what she desires. It does not exterminate what she describes as human rubbish. On the contrary, it strikes down the physically fit, the mentally alert, and the morally daring. It slays the young, the strong, the chivalrous, the brave, the loyal, those who, like young Nathan Hale, if they had a thousand lives would give them all for their country, those whose strength and spirit are of most worth

to the state. And it spares the weak, the defective, the incapable, and leaves them to possess the land and to bring forth after their kind. War is against nature because, as a Greek poet sadly pointed out two millenniums ago, in the way of nature sons bury their fathers, but in war fathers bury their sons.

But although, as I say, it would have been easy to have met this woman upon her own ground, there is a more appropriate because more personal ground upon which one ought to meet such arguments, and that is upon the ground taken by Jesus. He has a word for those who pour their scorn upon the fragments, the broken pieces of our common humanity, a word in one of the most stern and searching sermons ever preached upon this earth, the Sermon on the Mount. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca," (that is, worthless), "shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

There is an illustration of this in the Gospel. Judas, the man of Kerioth, was a man of substance and importance, as his title Iscariot indicates. He was probably the only

one of the twelve apostles who could be properly termed an aristocrat. And when this sole aristocrat among the disciples forgot that *noblesse oblige,* that privilege carries with it obligations, and took a position of contempt and scorn toward a woman who had been a sinner, St. John, who learned not only love but also noble anger from his master, called Judas the son of perdition. And the Greek word means refuse. Judas was one whose soul through pride and scorn and loveless self-importance had become worthless, and was fit for nothing but to be cast out upon the refuse heap of everlasting loss.

We find through the whole New Testament this feature which appears in Christ's charge to his disciples to gather up the broken pieces which remain over. We find a care for the fragmentary, for the little, for the broken, for the weak.

We find it in the parables. What is smaller than a mustard seed? But that tiny thing is taken as the very emblem of the divine mysteries of vitality and of growth. What more despised than leaven, the symbol of evil? But Jesus finds another use for it, and symbolizes

the transforming power of his kingdom by the figure of leaven hid in three measures of meal. And so on, through a score of them. The parables are full of Christ's care for the fragments, his recognition of the preciousness of simple things, his perception of the worthfulness of undervalued things.

So, too, with many of his other sayings, especially where we find them recorded most fully, as they are in the first Gospel. When Jesus wished to speak of splendor, he did not point to the luxury of King Solomon's court, which in that day was already legendary. Instead, he pointed to the common meadow lily. When he speaks of what a contemporary Roman called the tears in things, the sadness involved in the fact of mortality, he did not take as his theme the decline into oblivion of human empires. Instead, he noted the fall of a wounded bird, fluttering down to earth with a broken wing, and he told men that the Most High God, Creator of heaven and earth, noted that humble sorrow too, and had compassion for it.

One remembers in this connection the close of that glorious allegory of the divine com-

passion, the Book of Jonah: "Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" In the words of George Adam Smith, "We are left with this grand vague vision of the immeasurable city, with its multitude of innocent children and cattle, and God's compassion brooding over all."

So, too, when our Saviour wishes to describe joy, such joy as angels in heaven experience, he describes it in terms of care for the fragments. He describes it in terms of finding what is lost, in terms of recovering what has gone astray. He tells of the woman who finds the lost piece of silver; the shepherd who finds the lost sheep; the father who welcomes home the prodigal son. He describes his own mission among men in terms of such finding and such recovering. "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick."

"The son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

And as though his teaching and his life among us were not enough to witness truly to his care for the fragments, Jesus gave us in amazing mercy the object lessons of his cross and passion. He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. His very love for us is exemplified in fragments: the broken Body, the shed Blood. His very Presence is wonderfully mediated in a sacrament of fragments; we take and eat them in remembrance that he died for us, and feed on him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

To those who do so, to those of you who have made public confession of your faith in Christ and have been admitted to the Sacrament of his Body and his Blood, let me say this word of solemn reminder. We cannot worthily eat

that bread and drink of that cup without remembering what they signify. We dare not carry to or from that most holy and blessed rite any hardness of heart, any scorn of our fellow men, or any contempt of things weak and faltering and broken. We have no rights in that royal feast except as we share our rights with all for whom the Lord Christ died. We must have no claim upon that redeeming love until we recognize that the passion of the Son of God was not for us only, but for a world which, nineteen centuries afterward, is still in need of his divine redemption.

And because this is so, we find in Christ's care for the fragments, and in the love and pity that it indicates, our one and only and unvanquishable argument for missions. There are those who would discriminate, and, because charity begins at home, would let it end there. They approve, they condescendingly remark, of home missions, but they see no point in foreign missions, and feel themselves under no obligation to support them. One might point out to them that the Christian religion began in Asia, not in Europe or in the then undiscovered continent now called America. One might

argue that if such men as St. Paul had not shared Christ's love for the fragments, Christianity would never have penetrated into Europe, or found its way from the Old World to the New. But there is a better answer, better because more simple and more personal. Unless we share the mind of Christ, the will of Christ, and the heart of Christ, we are not his; and if we are not his, we are not saved; we are yet in our sins, and the subject of their retribution. For the mind, the will, the heart of Christ are an amazing Saviourhood; and to that Saviourhood he summons all who love him, all who would obey him, all who would justify being called by his Name.

"Gather up the broken pieces, that nothing remain over." What did he not find and restore to perfection in the broken pieces of our humanity? He found in its simplicity and trust the innocent beauty of childhood, and he lifted it up for men to recognize and value. He told men to become like little children. He told them that unless they did so, in simple trust and in humility, they could not find their way over the threshold of his kingdom. He found in loyalty, in self-forgetfulness, and in

loving service the beauty of womanhood, and he emancipated womanhood from age-old degradation. He lifted up womanhood for manhood to reverence. He made chivalry possible; he made Christian romance possible; he made possible friendship between man and woman; he made possible the type of Christian marriage which is essentially sacramental, a union not only of bodies but of loving and immortal souls. He found the hidden value of common things, and the undiscovered possibilities in broken things. A bruised reed he would not break, and the dimly burning flax he would not quench, till he had brought judgment to victory.

Eternal pity entered into the world in Christ our saviour. Healing, saving, redeeming, restoring pity entered, the compassion of that Godhead whose nature and whose name is love. God had anointed him to preach the gospel to the poor; he had sent him to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. From his pity there flowed new springs of hope for lives passed by, for lives ignored, for lives

thrust out in scorn from human fellowship. And in his pity was born a new consciousness of the worth of human personality which is today the very cornerstone of human freedom. And by that pity, if we are wise, we shall try the standards of our civilization, the truth of our traditions, the justice of our laws.

If we were to do so, God knows how radical would be the changes! What would become of war, for example, as the method of settling international disputes? What would become of the traffic in narcotic drugs, and the shameless cultivation of the poppy for mercenary ends? What would become of the lynchings which shame a civilization that tolerates them and yet calls itself Christian? What would become of the mouthings about Nordic superiority? Was Confucius, the wisest man of antiquity, of the Nordic strain? Was that gentle and heroic soul, Gautama Buddha? Was Dante an Anglo-Saxon? And of what kinship after the flesh was he born who was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Maid of Bethlehem?

No, taken in its fuller connotation, one of the most divinely beautiful things in his Gos-

pel is Christ's care for the fragments. And all our fragmentary hopes, our broken hopes, our thwarted promises of good leap into life under its generous recognition. And we lift up our hearts unto the Lord, and look into the kind face of our adorable Redeemer, thankful for our part in his overflowing mercy, grateful for our smallest portion in his life-renewing grace.

SERMON XVII

CHRISTIAN EXPECTATION

"A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."
ST. JOHN XVI: 21

THESE words of Jesus constitute the Christian answer to the question, Is life worth living? Much of the philosophical thought of the East, and of those who look to India for their inspiration, is pessimistic. It looks upon human life as an almost intolerable evil. Its goal is the obliteration of personality, the absorption of the individual by the infinite, and the extinction of self-consciousness in that infinite, in what it calls Nirvana. The Christian answer to the same question is diametrically opposed to this pessimistic conclusion. It asserts the worth of life. It maintains the divine significance of human personality. It shares the joy of the mother when a man is born into the world.

St. Paul may have had these words of Christ in mind when he spoke as he did in a memo-

rable passage, of man's relationship to nature. In St. Paul's comment, nature herself is the great mother, and the remarkable thing about his comment is that although he made it nearly nineteen hundred years ago, he spoke from a modern point of view. Quite as accurately as the most modern of scientists, he perceived that the relation between man and nature is vital and organic; that together they are subject to a law of development, to a discipline protracted through immense stretches of time. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth with us," he says. And quite as deeply as the poets, St. Paul was aware of the suffering which attends this process. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain"; surely we hear an echo here of the words of Christ which constitute our text. And then, again in sympathy with the thought of Jesus, St. Paul looked forward to the consummation of the process. He looked forward, as Christ did, not backward, like the ancients, to the golden age. The process is a process of development. The pain involved in it is productive. A travailing creation is a creation in a process of betterment and of enrichment. It is

rent, not by death agonies, but by birth throes. It is a world, not in the process of dissolution, but in the process of becoming.

The thought is the thought of an evolutionist expressed in the language of a prophet. There is the thought of development,—the development of the world and the development of humanity. There is perception of the long and painful discipline to which both are subjected and which in the end will mean redemption for them both. And there is perception of the goal of the process, the

> far-off, divine event
> Toward which the whole creation moves.

"I reckon," says St. Paul, and the word is most deliberate, —"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward. For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." It is the threefold vision which modern science has given us of the world —the vision of pain and conflict; the vision of progress; and finally the vision of purpose

which is the core and essence of all worthy human hope.

First of all, however, it is a vision of pain. Science corroborates the sober statement that creation is in travail. It confirms the truth of it at every point. We speak of the peacefulness of a summer meadow. The scientist tears away the pleasant veil of illusion and shows us grim and sobering reality. He shows us that there is no peace anywhere in the physical world. Everywhere there is contention and strife. A summer meadow is peaceful only in appearance. Turn a microscope upon the scene, and instantly it changes its character. The multitudinous life revealed to us is found to be engaged in remorseless carnage. Life is preying upon life; the strong devours the weak; every blade of grass is a battlefield in miniature. One swarm of insects exterminates another only to be devoured in turn by worms; the worm is soon struggling in the bill of a song bird, then down upon the latest victor pounces the hawk. And what is going on here is typical. The meadow is the natural world in miniature. Nature is "red in tooth and claw." Through all the regions of it, through

all the vastness of unrecorded and unrecordable history, this struggle for existence has been waged without respite or intermission.

So much for nature, but what about human nature? When we leave the man of science to his microscope and his laboratories, and take refuge with the man of letters, the student of human thought and action, we expect to be ushered into a kindlier environment. We expect him to spread again the veil of illusion and restore to us the lost peace of the summer meadow. If we wait in his company, we expect to see the shadows lengthen, and the healing Night descend upon it, and the moon rise over it, dispassionate and calm. But our poet, if he is a true one, will not leave us long to these tranquil obeservations. He, too, has his microscope; he turns it upon human nature; he shows us once more the vision that we have tried to put away from us, the vision of agony, the vision of a creation which is groaning and travailing in pain. It is not by accident that the greatest poets have been tragedians. It is because they were great poets that they had to be tragedians. Holding the mirror up to nature, they had no choice except to reflect

the suffering that was there. The stories that they tell are merely echoes of what we ourselves have seen and heard, stories that we could tell as well if the live coal of genius were laid upon our lives. Orestes pursued by the Furies: We have seen sights like that. We have seen the grimmest of all tragedies, a strong and essentially noble nature wrecked and driven to desperation by the existence of some fatal flaw in its integrity. *Hamlet:* but we have known such, perhaps in college, perhaps elsewhere, gifted, high-strung, oversensitive, unequal to the strain and hurly-burly of life. *Anna Karenina:* one need not go as far as Moscow to find the type and see the retribution. *Les Miserables*: New York and Chicago as well as Paris have the miserable, the forlorn, those for whom society appears to have neither liking nor room.

But if we stay a while longer in the company of the man of science and the poet, we shall begin to catch glimpses of facts which throw some gleams of light. Cross sections of life show only conflict and the pain of conflict. Long views of it reveal progress, and in the progress we find explanations of what would

otherwise be the quite meaningless pain. Natural history discloses a fact which is of momentous significance for the future. It shows the triumph of the mammal, the triumph of the warm-blooded over the cold-blooded animal. That means something of infinite promise. It means the triumph of parenthood, and of parental affection, for the mammal loves its young. Then, after countless years of further development, came another critical change. In that day something happened for which the evolutionist cannot account, but the theologian can; God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living soul. From that time forward, the interest of the creative drama has narrowed and intensified until it finds its focus in a single point: the meaning, the improvement, the ultimate destiny of man. He is the meeting point between flesh and spirit, between the animal kingdom and that spiritual kingdom into which he can enter, but only as he is redeemed, only as a new thing is given to him from above, only by what Christ has called the second birth.

Now, that second birth, that revealing of the

sons of God, is the sole object of creation. It is the thing for which nature has striven through interminable years. One of our American poets who died untimely, William Vaughn Moody, had the vision of these things, and set them forth in an arresting and original poem, "The Menagerie." A little man, wandering into a menagerie with his mind befuddled by drink, thinks he sees the animals turn on him looks of dismay and reproach. They are the by-product of Nature's æonic efforts. They are survivals of her teeming activities as she swept on from form to form in preparation for the final form in man. And what is there to show for it? What is there to reward her for her terrible exertion? In his own words, "A little man in trousers, slightly jagged." The little man turns from the brutes with their reproachful eyes, and stumbles out of the menagerie overcome by a new kind of self-reproach.

But as the man of science looks beneath the struggle for existence and discerns progress, so, too, the poets are not contented with letting us see the vision of suffering. They let us catch a glimpse of the secret of suffering.

They reveal to us the meaning of the moral order of the world, the meaning of the reign of law. The function of tragedy is to cleanse the mind by pity and by terror: healing pity for the transgressor overtaken by the consequences of his wrongdoing, and restraining fear in the thought that like misdeeds will continue to provoke similar retributions. In other words, great poetry is not contented with the portrayal of suffering. Great poetry exhibits suffering as a result of disorder; it connects it causally with sin. In this suffering the innocent is often involved with the guilty, but that is only because of the relatedness and the complexity of the social order. If one member suffers, all the others suffer with it, but none would suffer except for some infraction, realized or unrealized, of laws preservative of life. In this view there is again something hopeful. Given a righteous social order, a society conscious of its obligations and willing to fulfil them, and the great mass of human misery would be abolished in a moment. Humanity as well as the nonrational creation groaneth and travaileth, hoping for some bet-

ter, more enlightened social order; waiting for the revealing of the sons of God.

For if science teaches us anything, and if poetry teaches us anything, it is that human life is to be interpreted in terms of becoming. We do not understand it, we do not adjust ourselves to facts of profoundest import, unless we think of it as progress toward a goal, and until we relate ourselves in will and heart with such progression. Here is where our personal responsibility comes in. We have thought of evolution as a process which takes care of itself and makes progress inevitable. So it is, perhaps, as far as these lower orders of life are concerned, but not where man is concerned; not where mind is concerned; not where soul is concerned. There is no bias of the soul toward goodness. There is no progress toward goodness and peace except as these are wrought by our co-operation, by men and women who know God's purpose for the world, and share that purpose, and give their wills to Him for the carrying out of His design: His very sons and daughters.

For the revealing of these, creation waits. We have made much progress in the outward

conquest of nature. The achievements of the past century are an indication of what may still be awaited in this line. The radio, for example, is in its infancy. It requires little imagination to look forward to such perfecting of it as will practically annihilate space, supersede all slower methods where important communication is concerned, and bring the ends of the world so near that a whisper will circle the equator, or travel in a second from the North Pole to the South. But as for inward progress, that as yet has not been commensurate. We have made no ethical gain, no social gain, to compare with these nonethical gains. We stand only at the beginning of new and better things, perhaps at the very transition point to-day into a new and kindlier type of civilization, one with less greed in it and more loyalty, with less acquisitiveness and more desire to serve. We call ourselves civilized, but it is doubtful whether the far future will apply the term to us. It may be that the man of the Thirtieth Century will speak of the barbarities of the present age much as we do of the savageries of the Twelfth Century. He will wonder that a community dared to call

itself civilized while men robbed one another, and trod one another down in merciless competition, and suffered one another to live in destitution, and enticed one another to evil, and had so little pity for one another's pain.

Because the man of the distant future is going to be an improvement upon us. Perhaps not physically, although we hope that he will be; and perhaps not even intellectually, although again we hope so; but quite certainly morally and socially an improvement: of that we can be sure. The thing which will chiefly differentiate him from ourselves will be the development in him of a new and higher type of social consciousness. He is going to feel in exhilarating fulness what only our poets feel now, and they only in inspired moments, and that is cosmic consciousness; the sense of the oneness, past, present, and future, of all human life; the sense of release from selfishness and lonely or morbid egotism; the sense of the liberation of personality which comes from its willing, great, and loving union with the whole. Selfishness is the greatest obstacle that exists in the way of complete human happiness and perfect human self-fulfilment. This

was in the mind of Jesus when he told men that if they saved their lives, they would lose them, and that if they lost their lives, they would find them. One day, men will understand this paradoxical saying. They will enter into the social consciousness to which Christ is forever calling them. They will love their neighbors as they do themselves, and then, through their loving co-operation, the world will be transfigured into beauty not yet dreamed of, shot through with a joy such as the imagination of to-day has scarcely the power to forecast.

As Christians, then, we have a right to share our Saviour's hope; his belief in the meaning and worth of human personality, his joy that men are being born into the world. For the world is not stupid and meaningless and banal. It is in process of becoming. It is progressing through pain, through effort from which none can escape through self-discipline to which all are called, and through agonizing but fruitful endeavor, to a future even now discernible, that shall be the compensation for every pain. And it may be that we who stand upon the threshold of a coming order are to be congratulated. It may be that in coming

days men will look back with something like envy to the life of to-day, and wish that they might live as we do in a creative epoch, and have part in its travail, in its mighty questing and adventuring, in its preparation for a Christian future for mankind.

SERMON XVIII

THE MEN OF THE OLD SEVENTH

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
APRIL 27, 1919.

"Whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."
ST. LUKE XVII: 33

THIS paradox lies at the heart of our religion and throws light upon its character. It reveals an aspect of Christianity which every soldierly instinct in this free nation responds to, and understands, and has been acting upon during the last two years. There are those who think of Christianity as a religion of prudence and caution. They think of it as solely or chiefly an instrument of personal salvation. Their ideas fly wide of the mark. Christianity is the religion of loyalty. It seeks first the kingdom of God. And because of this it is the religion of courage, of unselfishness, of spirits disciplined for service in God's kingdom. And so, although its ultimate goal is peace, Christianity more than any other in the world is the religion of valor. It puts truth

above all consequences. It keeps faith at every cost. We ought to remember, when we are tempted to construe Christianity in an indolent or easy-going way, that its Divine Founder died a martyr's death for his convictions. We ought to remember that for the first three centuries his followers suffered persecutions from which the bravest heart might shrink. It is not for nothing that the symbol of our religion is the cross.

We meet this afternoon under the solemn shadow of that cross of sacrifice. We meet to do honor to men who have given their lives for duty and for truth. The service which has been arranged is an adaptation of the burial office. There is a reason for this, and the reason is one of touching significance. Some of these young men whom we commemorate have had no other burial because their bodies have not yet been recovered and identified: they lie hidden in the shell-torn district where they fell, every one of them in the act of advancing, every one of them with his face set toward the foe. *Pro Patria et Gloria*—that was the proud motto of the Old Seventh, and it was well deserved. They died, if not mar-

tyrs of their religion, at least witnesses to some of the things for which religion stands. They enlisted, they went into action, they gave their lives that the plighted word of nations might have value, that the weak and the wronged and their hard-pressed defenders might find help and succor. These dead whom we commemorate lie far from us in space. They are brought to the foot of this Cathedral altar by the things for which they suffered. The great city is taking home its own to-day, with a love and tenderness and gratitude that know no measure, and that shall know no end.

What proud traditions they took forth with them! Longer than any man now living can remember, New York has been proud of the Old Seventh. It was organized not many years after the close of the War of Independence, and it carries in its name those old associations. It was named the National Guard in honor of La Fayette and his connection with the National Guards of Paris; for years it bore the designation exclusively, and was the only National Guard. When other organizations of citizen soldiery also assumed the designation, they looked to it for leadership and

were modeled after it. Its discipline, its efficiency, its instant readiness for service have given it a reputation which before the outbreak of the Civil War was already nation-wide.

It was at the outbreak of the Civil War that the Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard rendered what was, up to that time, its greatest public service. It was the first regiment in the state to mobilize for war. On April 13, 1861, the guns of the rebellion opened fire upon Fort Sumter. On April 15, President Lincoln issued the call for 75,000 volunteers. On April 19, four days later, the Seventh Regiment was marching along Broadway, cheered by a million spectators amid scenes of enthusiasm such as the city had never before witnessed. On the 25th of April it was marching through the streets of Washington to be reviewed by the President, visible evidence of the nation's will to defend and preserve the Union at any sacrifice that might thereafter be required. The value of this demonstration can hardly be exaggerated. It was a safeguard to the national capital, which lay exposed to sudden raid, but it was much more than this. It was a crystallization of

loyal sentiment. The best blood of New York was distilled into the Seventh. In sending it forth, the great metropolis was pledging all its influence, all its resources, to the preservation of the Union. It was committing itself, instantly and irrevocably, by an act the significance of which was felt from coast to coast.

Of the subsequent services of the regiment during the Civil War there is not time to speak: one fact, however, should be mentioned in this connection. Then as now the Seventh Regiment proved to be a training school for officers. No less than 606 of its members received commissions and served as officers in the Regular and Volunteer Army and Navy. During the last two years, history has been repeating itself. The greatest shortage in 1917 was of officers to train the new draft army. Here was where the National Guard was able to render the nation inestimable service, by providing as officer material men of character, intelligence, training, and high morale. More than five thousand officers were furnished by the New York National Guard, of whom a goodly proportion came from the ranks of the Old Seventh. The figures are not

complete, and we do not yet know how many of the former members of the Seventh were killed in action, serving with other regiments. But the words of our text are true of regiments as well as men, that whosoever shall lose his life in generous self-giving shall preserve it. The Seventh was never more gloriously alive, and never more truly itself, than in the days when it ceased to exist as a separate organization. It has never rendered greater service than when, diffused through an army, it has sent its spirit, discipline, traditions, wherever its former members have been privileged to serve.

But it would be a mistake to say that the Old Seventh lost its identity as an organization during the war. It did not lose it. It preserved it, although merged with other elements, when, after being called into the Federal service, it became part of the 107th Infantry Regiment of the 27th Division. Under this new name, and associated with these new comrades, the Seventh went to make the final sacrifice, to render the highest service, and to win the crowning glory of its long career. For the 107th was one of the regiments to serve in

an action which in time to come will be known not only as one of the greatest exploits in military history but as one of the decisive military actions in the war: the breaking of the Hindenburg line between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

There lies the explanation of what many must have wondered at, the extraordinary number of casualities which the 107th has sustained. But knowing the circumstances, the wonder is rather that so many returned alive to tell the heroic tale. At the point where they attacked, the Hindenburg line was considered impregnable. For four years the resources of the foremost military nation in the world had been employed to make it so, for it was a pivotal point. There was the famous tunnel, the underground galleries enabling attack from the rear, the nests of machine guns, the maze of wire entanglements, and not an area ten feet square that was not enfiladed by the German guns: a few weeks before, the 74th British Division and detachments of Australians had been hurled back with 80 per cent casualties at this point. This was the task set before our men in that grey dawn of the morning of

September 29. And they did it. It stands written on one of the pages which record the supreme attainments of human valor and endurance that they did it. But can we wonder that in doing it many gave their lives?

How shall we honor them, these men and their comrades who fell elsewhere? How shall we show our appreciation of their valor and of their sacrifice? Surely not in words! Praise will not reach them; they did not die for praise. They died for things the accomplishment of which lies in our hands, and lies there as a trust which we must recognize, a legacy of duty. These were citizen soldiers. They fought for the things for which a citizen soldier fights. They fought for peace, for justice, for the maintenance of public order, and for the defense of public right. And that they fought for these things so far from home means one great thing above all others. Consciously or unconsciously, these men were fighting for the peace of all men, for the rights of all men, and for an ordered world.

There are some who are skeptical as to the fulfilment of these purposes. They assure us that the difficulties are unsurmountable. Dif-

ficulties? Of course there are difficulties! There are prodigious difficulties in the way. What else could one expect when a world is to be made over? There were difficulties in the taking of Mount Kemel, in the breaking of the Hindenburg line, in the winning of the war, but did that daunt the men whom we are met to honor? Did it stop them from attempting? There are things which never come to pass, and never will, until men of faith and courage put forth their faith and courage and create them. The League of Nations is one of them. God grant that it may not be delayed by fearfulness, by our faint-heartedness! God grant us faith and courage that shall sweep against obstacles as our own men, our very own, swept against obstacles and trod them down on the September morning! So, and so only, we shall be worthy of their sacrifice.

SERMON XIX

HORATIO W. PARKER

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
MARCH 7, 1920.

THE service this afternoon is a service of music in memory of one of the most distinguished of American composers. The music itself is his best memorial. In it, "he, being dead, yet speaketh." It is a singular and moving fact that the least material of all art forms should be in some respects the most imperishable. A fire in an art gallery can destroy a painter's masterpiece; shells thrown by enemy cannon can shatter a cathedral; and yet sounds, which seem as fugitive as gusts of wind, can be controlled, as more substantial things cannot be controlled, by the creative will of a composer. They can be made to express his thought and feeling ages after he has vanished from the earth. And so, at this memorial service, the music of Horatio Parker's compositions speaks for him like a living voice. The hymns, the canticles, the

organ prelude and postlude, most of all the anthems from his great oratorio, are conveying to us his living presence. They reveal his dignity, his sense of reverence, his intellectual candor and vigor, his idealism. They bear witness not only to the ideals which governed him, but also to the allegiance which he gave to his ideals. It was a steadfast, patient allegiance, possible when a very noble intelligence is wedded to a firm and disciplined will.

If any justification were needed for holding this service in the Cathedral, it could be based in the first instance on patriotic grounds. A true artist deserves well of his country. He adds true wealth to the nation. He ministers to the higher life of his country through the medium of his art. It was Dr. Parker's good fortune to render this public service in a field where it was greatly needed. This country, which has been so rich in other fields of activity, in scientific invention, in political achievement, has been poor by comparison in the domain of art, and almost poverty-stricken in the particular field of musical composition. There is, of course, a historic reason for this

defect. The fortunes of art in America were in the beginning closely linked with those of England, and from a musician's point of view this means that the Colonial settlements came just too late. They came just after the close of the greatest period of musical activity that England has ever known, the age of Tye and Merbeck, of Tallis, Byrd, and Gibbons. Puritanism meant an end of all that, in England and also in America. The Puritan had many solid virtues, but appreciation of music was not among them. Music, beginning in America under Puritan influence, had no opportunity to develop. Our ancestors were too much engaged in fighting Indians and subduing the wilderness to engage in artistic effort, even if they had been minded so to do, and lack of American traditions in esthetics proved to be a handicap to those who came late.

All the warmer thanks, then, are due to the American composers who at this late date are supplying a defect so long-standing and so regrettable: for no matter what the historic explanation of it may be, to be deficient in creative activity in any of the arts, and particularly in so expressive an art as music, is a re-

grettable defect in a people. It is said that foreign influences are conspicuous in the work of our composers. This, if true, is scarcely to be wondered at, in view of the meagreness of native tradition. But even if it is true, it does not prevent their work from being characteristic and national. When an artist is rooted in the soil of his native land, his work is racy of it, in spite of any flavor of foreign admixture. He may receive, as Parker did, much of his training abroad. He may build, as all of our notable American poets with the exception of Whitman built, upon the foundations of an older culture. He may find inspiration, as Ralph Adams Cram so manifestly does, in far-off lands and times gone by. None the less, his work, if sincere and true, remains in some real way national and characteristic of the nation. Lowell was steeped in English verse, yet no one but an American could have written his commemoration Ode. Cram is saturated with medievalism, yet the great nave of this cathedral, which we are waiting impatiently to build, will be the very embodiment in stone of a new world's outlook upon religion. So with Parker's compositions. He received

his later training in the Hochschule fur Musik in Munich, and yet, with the exception of some compositions in the early nineties, his work is not Germanic. His own rarely gifted mother was his earliest teacher, and to a greater extent than we know, perhaps, he derived his art from her. Home and fireside, native town and native land, are potent influences in shaping the lives and life expression of all right-minded men. In the soul of an artist they become creative, and are bodied forth in work which bears the stamp of life's unalterable loyalties.

I should like to speak, if I may, of this phase of Parker's work from personal experience. In common with some seven thousand other graduates, I attended the Bicentennial Exercise at Yale in the autumn of 1901. I heard then for the first time Parker's "Hora Novissima." That was nineteen years ago, but it seems yesterday. From the thrilling "Vigilemus" of the opening chorus on to the splendid yet tranquil close the great oratorio has lingered in my memory. And the reason is, of course, that it was so suited to that great occasion. It served as a true outlet and expression of the feeling which was in the hearts

of thousands of Yale men at that time. Love of country, loyalty to the land of which Alma Mater was a gracious symbol, demanded American expression. They found it in the oratorio which is the chief glory of American music, and its chief claim to world-wide recognition—Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima."

But Parker's was a twofold service. He served not only his country but his church,—the whole church, for the church is, and is of right, supernational, "elect from every nation, yet one o'er all the earth." We remember with gratitude his long and patient service as a church organist, in New York, in Boston, and in New Haven. We remember his interest in unaccompanied choral singing, and his influence in reviving what is indeed "the purest type of sacred vocal art." We are especially grateful, in the Episcopal Church, that he lived long enough to exert a great and determining influence upon the character of our new hymnal. He worked laboriously and unsparing of himself on the hymnal commission, coming frequently from Maine to attend its meetings, although he was too ill to make the journey upon any but the weightiest occasion.

The best characteristics of the new hymnal, its dignity, its revival of much of the older and severer type of church music, are largely due to Parker's influence. As for his own compositions in this field, there is a fine and bracing quality in them, a virile strength and beauty. Whether art as a whole has showed symptoms of decadence during the last generation or so is a mooted question. Browning and Tennyson have left no successors. Victorian literature is a vanished glory, dying in a glorious sunset with the last of the giants, George Meredith. But that church music has suffered a decline is scarcely open to question, though there are, of course, individual composers who are notable exceptions. The late Pope Pius X rendered service not alone to his own communion, but to all Christendom, when he called attention to the fact and set his face like a flint against the sensuous and cloying sweetness which disgraces certain modern schools, fitting their compositions better for the dance hall than for worship of Almighty God. Parker sounded a note of challenge equally noble. If there is in his work one characteristic which stands out more than any other, it is the qual-

ity of reverence. The late Pope and the late dean of the School of Music of Yale were poles apart in some respects, but they stood shoulder to shoulder in their insistence that the springs of religious music be kept undefiled and pure.

And so, in closing, we are led to consider the association which the life and work of Horatio Parker very nobly and very adequately represented. I mean, the association of music with religion.

I suppose that there are few here present who have not been impressed by the closeness of this association. When the instinct of worship seeks expression, it finds music best adapted to its need. When music reaches its highest point of artistic perfection, as in the grand surges of orchestral harmony, the feeling which it arouses is almost invariably religious feeling. This association is so evident that reference to it does not need to be elaborated into argument. There is scarcely a church in Christendom in which music is not incorporated as an essential part of its services. On the other hand, if every material temple of God were razed to the ground, music would

build for us, as for Abt Vogler, houses not made with hands, and rear them in splendid homage to the glory of the Creator. In Palestrina's Masses, in Bach's passion music, in Beethoven's symphonies, we could still congregate for worship, with no other roof above our heads that that furnished by their heaven-ward-reaching strains. This association of music with religion cannot be accidental. It is not accidental. It indicates a true and deep relatedness, through which worship finds its natural expression in the language of music, and music has as its highest and most ultimate achievement the interpretation and expression of those deep-lying emotions which faith in God evokes.

The noblest of the senses are sight and hearing. The world which sight opens to us is a world of reason. It is governed by the law of numbers. Its primary appeal is to the intelligence. Through sight we come into contact with the world of form, of color, of distance, of dimension. The world which hearing opens to us is a world of feeling. It, too, is governed by mathematical laws; the octave is a striking illustration; none the less, its primary appeal

is not so much to the intellect as to the heart. That is why, although ugly sights irritate and vex us, they do not cause us the acute discomfort that we take from ugly sounds. These penetrate more deeply into the realm of feeling; they have power to rasp and tear the nerves. And so it follows that sound becomes for us a veritable pathway of emotion, arousing or expressing feeling which could not otherwise be aroused or expressed. Indeed, there are regions of our emotional life which are so deep and mystical that even speech is unable to define them: only music can sound their gamut: you must listen to a young mother crooning over her baby to know what maternity means. Patriotism is one of these deep-lying and mystical regions of feeling. Who can tell why he loves his country as he does, or put into words the feeling that is aroused by the sudden glimpse of his flag in a foreign land? It is in the folk songs and national anthems of a race that patriotism finds adequate expression. So, even more emphatically, in the case of religion. Religious music affords expression to the deepest feelings that religion arouses, the feeling of awe,

and the desire to worship. We cannot put these emotions plainly into speech. Phrases limit and confine them. Prayer itself can express them only when it is wordless. But we can put them into music, and they find satisfaction there.

The reason is, I suppose, that music, like life, above all, like religious life, is a becoming. It rests, not in what it is, but in what it would be; it seeks expression, not in terms of fact, but in terms of hope. Religion is the quest of the soul for God. The history of humanity upon this earth is, from the religious point of view, simply a record of this eternal quest: ever to know God better and more fully; ever more perfectly to find acceptance and fellowship with Him. And to interpret this questing spirit of man we turn to music, for the reason that music in its very structure is a becoming, a striving, a progress toward a goal. In music, especially in the great symphonies which we recognize as the perfection of musical art, we have what can express this aspiration of the soul, this questing spirit. We see progress through pain and turmoil to a goal of bliss. We hear the clash of contending elements, the

sweep and strain and struggle of the conflict, the discords prolonged until they are a very hurt and scandal, then resolved into some sweet and moving harmony in which they find not only their solution, but also their explanation. "To me," said Horace Bushnell, "there is nothing in any of the arguments for God from things visible that seems to prove as much or have as deep a meaning as this from things audible. It transforms the world itself into a temple of worship and fills it with voices waiting to utter and kindle a celestial love in all that live."

SERMON XX

LEVI PARSONS MORTON

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
JANUARY 9, 1921.

ONE of the functions of a cathedral is to become the custodian of precious memories and associations, memories not only of great events, but of true-hearted men and women. These memories constitute its greatest wealth. As years and generations and centuries go by, this wealth of recollection becomes so great that it quite dominates all merely material greatness. The majesty of nave and towers and transepts, and the beauty of apse and façades and pinnacles, are of the body of the Cathedral; its memories and associations are of the soul. In time, the place which is the storehouse of such treasure becomes what in a thousand years Westminster Abbey will still be for England, Rheims and Chartres Cathedrals for France, and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for the New World: the home of everlasting remembrance; the place

in which the life of a nation finds its spiritual centre, and the soul of a people is built in living stones.

The service this afternoon is in memory of one who, together with his noble and gracious wife, had faith in the future of this Cathedral, and whose memorable gift for the construction of its Choir has linked his name with it in indissoluble association: Levi Parsons Morton, sometime Governor of New York and Vice-President of the United States.

The gift was memorable. It hastened, perhaps by many years, the opening of the unfinished building for public worship. The Choir and Crossing were completed and opened for public worship on April 19, 1911. Mr. Morton read a paper asking for the acceptance of his memorial gifts, and Mr. George Macculloch Miller, sole survivor of the original incorporators of the Cathedral, read the corresponding instrument of donation, after which the Choir and the two complete Chapels were consecrated by Bishop Greer. This was the last public appearance of ex-Governor Morton. It is pleasant and fitting that it should have

been in such a connection, for, conspicuous as had been his public service elsewhere, this was destined to be the most influential. Already, in ten years, the Cathedral has ministered annually to between one and two hundred thousand people, and the numbers are constantly increasing. The numbers of those to whom it will minister, when completed, through centuries and possibly millenniums to come, bewilder the imagination when it seeks to compute them: it may well be that they will exceed the entire present population of the globe!

But it is the character of the giver, not the amount or timeliness of the gift, which determines its true worth, and what moves us to grateful recollection is that Mr. Morton was worthy to be remembered in such a connection. There were in his character elements of steadfastness, of stability, of deep-rootedness, which make it fitting that in this city of tumultuous activity and swift vicissitudes and incessant change he should be remembered.

Stability sums up in a single word the impression made by his character. There was stability in the background of his life, his

New England inheritance. No American of our time has been more firmly rooted in the soil of his country. One of his biographers spoke of him as representing a type which, owing to the mingling of blood, will soon become quite extinct: an American descended in every line from the original settlers of this country. Every line of his inheritance has been traced, and every line has led the genealogist straight back to the earliest Colonial period, through generations of upright, hard-working, God-fearing men and women. I have in my possession family letters of many of them. The phraseology is that of the Bible; the spirit expressed in them is that of saints.

There was stability also in Mr. Morton's physical inheritance, his robust health. He added to this natural endowment the virtues which make for longevity: temperance, patience, fortitude, magnanimity, forbearance. And so he lived his full life span, as few men do in these unquiet days. Mr. Morton was born when James Monroe was President of the United States. When he died on his ninety-sixth birthday, his lifetime had over-

lapped the tenure of office of twenty-four of our twenty-eight Presidents.

Of course, there is a certain amount of sadness in such length of days. It means outliving one's contemporaries, and Mr. Morton did outlive nearly all of his. But when men render service to the Church and to the State, then they are lifted out of loneliness, and live again, more broadly and more deeply, sharing the corporate and immortal life of the great organisms to which they render service. The story of this man's service to the Church and to the State will now be told by Dr. Slattery, Rector of Grace Church.

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY

Rector of Grace Church, New York City

DELIVERED AT THE SERVICE HELD IN MEMORY OF LEVI PARSONS MORTON

We are remembering to-day a benefactor of this Cathedral who was a servant of both the nation and the Church. He spent exactly ninety-six years in this world; and because he made a gift which did much to make this building possible, we rightly seek the lessons which his long life may teach us, that the giver as well as his gift may become part of this church for all time.

I

Levi Parsons Morton was born at Shoreham, a village on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, opposite Fort Ticonderoga. All his forebears through many generations were born in New England, his first American ancestor being the financial agent of the Pilgrim fathers, staying behind in London to guard their

affairs and sailing in 1623. The boy, as he lifted his eyes to the hills, grew up in a spot where men told tales of a great war for independence in which they themselves had taken part. He was a thorough American. His birthplace was a parsonage, his father being minister of the whole village. His mother was the sister of Levi Parsons, one of the first American missionaries sent to Syria. So the home was not only American in all its traditions, it was also the embodiment of a romantic and earnest Puritan piety.

It is good to reflect how much this nation owes to the parsonages and rectories of the little places scattered over the land. The moral earnestness, the meagre income, the intelligence, the thrift, the refinement, all make a background for such preparation for life as, one ventures to think, can be found nowhere else. It is startling to discover what a large proportion of the forceful men in all branches of American life have been nurtured in country parsonages.

In the Morton household in Vermont, as in the Webster household in New Hampshire,

it was possible to send only one son to college. Levi Morton had slight schooling because his brother Daniel was the fortunate choice for the college training. This fixing upon one son for certain advantages was a recognized New England custom where incomes were narrow; and as Ebenezer Webster did not complain when his brother Daniel went to college, so Levi Morton was content to make the sacrifice for his brother's sake. His best education was not in the school, but in the guidance of his father and his mother, who were well taught and had the capacity to impart what they knew. At fifteen he was a clerk in the village shop, at Enfield, Massachusetts; at seventeen he was earning a little more in similar work in Concord, New Hampshire; and soon after, he was established for himself in a shop at Hanover. Here he won the friendship of teachers and students in Dartmouth College, for, as a minister's son with gentle manners, he was quickly received in pleasant homes. At twenty-five he was a clerk in Boston, and at twenty-seven he became a member of the firm which he had served. The next year he was in New York, and from that time he was en-

gaged in one business after another till he was at length known as one of the leading bankers of the country, with a branch office in London. Meantime, in common with other young men who came from smaller places, he was recognized by older citizens of New York as part of their more intimate friendly life.

During the Civil War, because his firm could not collect the money due him from the South, he failed. But the story is told that later, when the tide turned, he invited all his creditors to dine with him, and each creditor found under his plate a check for the whole sum which was due him, including every penny of the interest. The story is also told that when a clerk stole ten thousand dollars, he still believed in the man, shielded him, paid the loss, and gave him a fresh start; this he did chiefly because the man had a son and Mr. Morton wished to keep from the boy his father's shame.

II

Mr. Morton was twice married. Lucy Kimball, his first wife, died in 1871, but she had led her husband into Grace Parish in New

York and had, through Dr. Potter's leadership, inspired him with an interest in the children of the poor, and still further had urged upon him that he had earned all the money that was necessary and that he should henceforth devote his energy to public life in the service of the nation. In these visions his second wife, Anna Livingston Street, with loyalty, beauty, and enthusiasm, led him on to actual accomplishment. I shall speak of his founding of the day nursery at Grace Church a little later. Here I speak only of his increasing services to the State.

When Mr. Morton was fifty-five he became a member of Congress from New York; two years later he began a four years' term as Minister to France. At sixty-five he was Vice-President of the United States; and at seventy-five he was Governor of New York. In other words, at a time when many successful men would have thought that they had a right to enjoy the fruits of their success, Mr. Morton was entering a strenuous career in public life.

Here I enter a plea to strong and able men who have won their laurels in the business

world to give their great ability to the city, the state, or the nation. During the war with Germany we saw the noble spectacle of distinguished geniuses in business giving up all thought of private gain to bestow every moment for the welfare of a distressed nation and a fainting world. They have brought to us the vision of what our civic and national governments would be if successful men of affairs would in the height of their power, offer themselves for public office, and so use in behalf of the government the same insight, courage, and skill which they have displayed in business. How would inefficiency, stupidity, and waste disappear from our city halls, our state houses, and our Capitol!

The dismal objections that one must needs submit, in such an event, to all sorts of vicious criticism, perhaps to slander, or that one may give up all the benefits of the past only to be rejected by blundering people in favour of some untrained or unscrupulous politician, are not objections which should baffle the stanch lover of his country. Nor need one fear the accusation of ambition. The benefit accruing to the nation is too evident to need explaining.

If ambition there is, it is ultimately the ambition to serve; and that is a sacred thing, burning out whatever dross there be of personal pride. If men will offer their proved ability, and the people pass it by, that is the people's dire misfortune: the blame is theirs, not the man's who checks a career in business to make his unselfish offer to the state.

Levi Parsons Morton will rightly be remembered as one of the distinguished business men of America who devoted his fully matured life to responsible offices in the service of his country.

III

Mr. Morton was for many years a member of Grace Church in New York. Dr. Potter and Dr. Huntington were his intimate friends. Under Dr. Potter's rectorship he gave the Memorial House in memory of his first wife, to be at first a training school for nurses and later a day nursery for the children whose homes were east of the parish church. In offering this gift he wrote to the rector, wardens, and vestry, "I am anxious to recognize by

this gift the obligation of men of business, whom God has blessed in their business enterprises, to acknowledge their indebtedness to Him by gifts for the benefit of their fellow men." This building has been a blessing to thousands of children; for while Mr. Morton gave the building, other generous parishioners have supported the work within it for nearly fifty years.

During Dr. Huntington's rectorship at Grace Church this Cathedral was beginning to rise from its deep foundations. Both Bishop Potter and Dr. Huntington were profoundly interested in its growth; and Mr. and Mrs. Morton one day told Dr. Huntington that they would build the Choir and Sanctuary. This promise they fulfilled, building not only the structure as you see it this afternoon, but also giving the Altar, the Organ, and the Stalls. There have been many munificent gifts to St. John's Cathedral, but this, I believe, has not been exceeded, and it is the pledge, I trust, of still other gifts which shall at length bring the dream of the founders to its fulfilment in Nave and Transepts and Central Tower.

New York, as one enters its harbor, is seen as only a haughty city of commerce. Massive towers thrust themselves like mountains into the sky, but no church is seen. Later the observant traveler discovers libraries, colleges, museums, and some beautiful churches; but there is nothing to tell the world that anything is so great as the amassing of wealth and the struggle for bread. The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is a practical building, filled again and again with throngs of worshipers; but it is also a symbol of what men most care for in this stupendous city of the world. The poor are helping to build it, but if they alone build, it will be centuries in building, and even so will not represent the whole people. The Cathedral on this hilltop is the rich man's opportunity to show to his own generation where he and his fellows put the real emphasis in life. It has often been said that the spire of Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and the spire of Grace Church at the head of Broadway have held back from sin men who looked upon them, and have aroused them to remember their destiny. So, when this cathedral stands in all the glory of its length

and breadth and height, we may believe that it will influence many a man to abandon his littleness and meanness and selfishness, and rise into that generous and loving service which only God can inspire.

The names of men who build the Cathedral of St. John the Divine may easily be forgotten, or, at most, be only names, without the association of character or place. No benefactor can regret that prospect, if, by God's grace, he may be enabled to do somewhat, with what God has given him, to turn men's thoughts away from the sordid up to the loving and the sublime. Names will be wrought into these stones, but a deeper record will be cut by the eagerness with which the spirits of men who cared have built themselves into what to the dull eye seems only material stone. Blessed are the heroes "who do their deed and scorn to blot it with a name."

IV

The last years of Mr. Morton were lived in seclusion. In his extreme age the world scarcely knew that he existed. The thoughts

of his mind and heart grew dim, but an innate remembrance of others shone forth. The world was receding and seemed a very little thing; its achievement and glory were passing. Only character was surviving. To an old servant he would say, "If I have ever said a word that was unkind, I am very sorry." He was reaching out for whatever imperfections may have marred his past years and he was asking forgiveness of both man and God, though the servant to whom he spoke marveled daily at his self-control, saying, "He was trained before he was born." He was filled with simple gratitude. He exulted in the flocks and herds of his pasture lands; he delighted in the life of open sky and widespreading country. Most of all he turned to those who were closest of kin, saying time and again, "Thank you for all your love through the years."

In this sacred place this afternoon we must speak with reserve. Words of human praise are worthless. I like to think that this Cathedral of St. John the Divine has caught something of the firm spirit of that Vermont boy of nearly a hundred years ago who looked out upon the waters of Champlain and up to the

everlasting hills, who heard his father's voice in family prayers and his mother's loving good night, and who in all these ways found God, and learned to live in His fear, to work in His sight and to give his all into His keeping at the last. This is an American Cathedral, and the life of this typical American is built into it. That he gained wealth is an incident. Let us remember to-day only the poor boy of the Vermont hills, and see here the partial fulfilment of one of his daydreams as he looked at the clouds over the lake and longed to do something for God's beautiful world. Let it be ours to do what we can to finish this dream, and to make this church not only the material fabric of cunningly carved stone and radiant windows, but that more difficult, more glowing fabric of human spirit, fused through all that is material, and telling of the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

SERMON XXI

WOODROW WILSON

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
FEBRUARY 6, 1924

We meet in the Cathedral this afternoon to do honor to the memory of an illustrious fellow citizen, to associate ourselves in prayer and sympathy with those who mourn him, and to give thanks to God for his services to our country and to the world.

We must not think of this as an hour of parting. It need not be that. It may even be an hour of deeper fellowship. It may be that we can now sympathize more fully and profoundly than ever before with what was wise and farsighted in the counsel of our former President, with what was generous and adventurous in his purpose, with what was lofty and indomitable in his spirit. Death means rest at last for the tired and wasted body, "rest after toyle, port after stormie seas." But death has not touched the immortal part of him, the undying soul, and we think of that

strong soul as brooding for a little while in benediction over a beloved land before it wings its way to God.

Woodrow Wilson loved his country with austere devotion. He took satisfaction in its material prosperity, but what he coveted for it above all else was moral greatness. He was sternly impatient with any selfish, narrow, meagre or belittling conception of the interests and the duties of the Republic. He desired that it should be built up in strength and virtue and that it should take its full and great part in world affairs. With all his heart he desired that in their corporate life the American people should act upon Christian principles. In his own words, he believed "that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit."

Wilson's love of country was an informed and intelligent affection. He knew his country. He was familiar with its history and its traditions. From boyhood up he was familiar

with them, and from boyhood up his attention was directed to the true substance of his country's wealth. For national wealth is personal, not material, as Horace Bushnell said in his oration on the "Weal of Nations." "The wealth of a nation is in the breasts of its sons." There it was that Wilson sought and found it. He was a biographer of Washington; he was a fervent admirer of Lincoln; he was the author of a *History of the American People;* he was a student of constitutional government in the United States. As student and writer of history what most interested him were problems of government and of citizenship. As teacher and college president his paramount aim was to produce men trained and disciplined in the uses of freedom and prepared to take their places as responsible and serviceable members of a self-governing community.

And so, when Woodrow Wilson made the sudden and somewhat startling transition from academic to political life, it was by no means a leap in the dark. It was the deliberate venture of a theorist who so trusted his theories that he dared to bring them to the acid test of practice, and of a political idealist who was

willing to subject his ideals to the rough encounters of a real world. His speeches during the gubernatorial campaign in New Jersey rang with hope and challenge. His success was the vindication of his daring. As Governor of New Jersey the "schoolmaster in politics" won nation-wide fame, and a presidential nomination and election. As President of the United States his first administration presents a record of constructive achievement which in volume and importance recalls to mind the building years of the Republic and the labors of the founders of the nation.

But substantial as it was, this domestic legislation sinks into secondary importance when compared with things which happened later. The Great War came, the man and the event were mated, and owing in part to his personality, in part to the importance of his office, and in part to the vast and tragical developments of the time, this man came to such eminence that his thought, his action, and his influence have become a lasting part of universal history. No man has lived in modern times who has been called upon to face problems as difficult, choices as critical, tasks as

tremendous. The schoolmaster in politics becomes war President, commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States in the battle of Armageddon. The teacher and preacher of democracy is carried from height to awful height of political power till it falls to his lot to tell emperors when it is time to abdicate, and to hold the destinies of nations in his hand. One may search the pages of romance and find nothing to compare with the reality.

Like our previous American war Presidents, Woodrow Wilson was a man of peace. He hated war, as a humanitarian and as a Christian. In 1913 he showed his attitude toward it. It was his patience, his grave respect for the rights of a weaker people, his desire to help and not hinder Mexico in its political development, which stood inflexibly in the way of those who were calling for military intervention. One was reminded of the immortal line in which Euripides pays tribute to the strength of Herakles, strength glorious because exhibited in self-restraint: "a great hand, careful lest it crush." During the first years of the World War Wilson sought for his country

the rôle of mediator and peacemaker. He was tireless in his endeavor. What protracted negotiations, what persistent, patient effort, what hoping all things, bearing all things, enduring all things until at last it was evident even to our enemies that no alternative was left but war! But when German ruthlessness forced war upon him and his country, Wilson was ready. He lifted the thought of the war to spiritual levels, untainted by hatred, undisgraced by selfishness, undismayed by fear. He interpreted the soul of America in terms of sacrificial service. He defined its ideals in words which to idealists were trumpets of challenge, which brought the nation into battle whole-hearted and undivided, and which stirred the hearts of all the free peoples of the world.

Then followed a time when months were packed into hours of swift decision, and years into days, as event crowded upon historic event like wave upon wave in a storm-swept sea. Wilson's name passed into legend in those terrific years. He was likened to the titan Atlas who bore the weight of the firmament upon his shoulders. Far-off peoples looked to him as their deliverer from tyranny and

oppression. Races that were little more than names to him turned wistful eyes to one whom they believed to be the prophet of a new world order, and sent their representatives to meet him, besieging him with supplications, as he went to Paris to try to write the ideals for which his country had gone to war into the negotiations of peace. What was hoped, what was expected, what was demanded of him was more than could be accomplished by mortal man under the conditions given. The negotiators were not working in the calmness of a scientific laboratory; they were working in an inferno of raging human passions. And what came out of the conference was not the peace of God and the beginning of a new era of human brotherhood, but the Treaty of Versailles. . . .

If that were the end of the story, it would be a bitter ending. The tragedy of disappointment and disillusion would be stark and unrelieved. But that is not the end. One thing has been left out of account: the Covenant of the League of Nations. The idea of international co-operation expressed in it is not a new political conception. It dominated the

mind of Henry IV in his "Grand Design" for a General Council of Europe. It was expressed in the humane and noble theories of Grotius and led to the production of his epoch-making work, *De Juri Belli et Pacis.* Immanuel Kant was occupied with it in his *Zum Ewigen Frieden;* the Abbé de St. Pierre followed; for at least three centuries the thought and hope have never been lost sight of by public-minded men. But it remained for the schoolmaster in politics to do more than any other man has done to translate the theory into practice, to translate the ideal into reality and bring it to bear for the alleviation of human misery. It was for this that he fought his great fight, for this that he sacrificed much that was precious; it was this that was his compensation and his gain. And to-day the dream and hope and vision have found expression in fact. The League of Nations is functioning. Fifty-four nations have adhered to it. By its efforts for the relief of famine, for the prevention of the spread of disease, and by its removal of causes of war, it has already saved possibly as many lives as perished in battle in the five years of conflict which pre-

ceded its formation. In spite of all its defects and limitations, many of which are obvious, it is at the present time the most fruitful and potent instrument of international co-operation that has yet been devised by man, and it represents a new departure in the organized life of mankind.

May I close with a brief word of personal reminiscence? It was my privilege about a year ago to call upon Mr. Wilson at his invitation and in company with his personal friend Mr. Norman H. Davis, and to talk over with him some of these matters. Mr. Davis and I spoke of what appeared to us to be the more favorable trend of thought in this country with reference to the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson expressed agreement with what we had said; then he said this: "I'm not sorry that I broke down." We looked at him in surprise, and then he went on to explain that if by his personal influence he had been able to secure the acceptance by this country of the Covenant and its entry into the League of Nations, it would have been a great personal and political triumph, "but," he added, "as it is coming now, the American people are think-

ing their way through, and reaching their own free decision, and that is the better way for it to come." Those were his words, as nearly as I can recollect them. Nothing could have been more moving than the sight of that stricken figure, uncomplaining, so full of noble fortitude, looking forward with unshaken confidence to the time when his beloved country would in its own way vindicate his hope, and take its full and great and helpful place in world affairs. I left the room with Tennyson's lines in my mind illuminated by a new and most moving association:

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

We are honoring to-day one whom all the world will one day honor. We are remembering one who will be remembered among the

pioneers of human progress, the men whose glory and honor and immortality it is to have lengthened the cords and strengthened the stakes of the tent of human fellowship.

THE END.

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